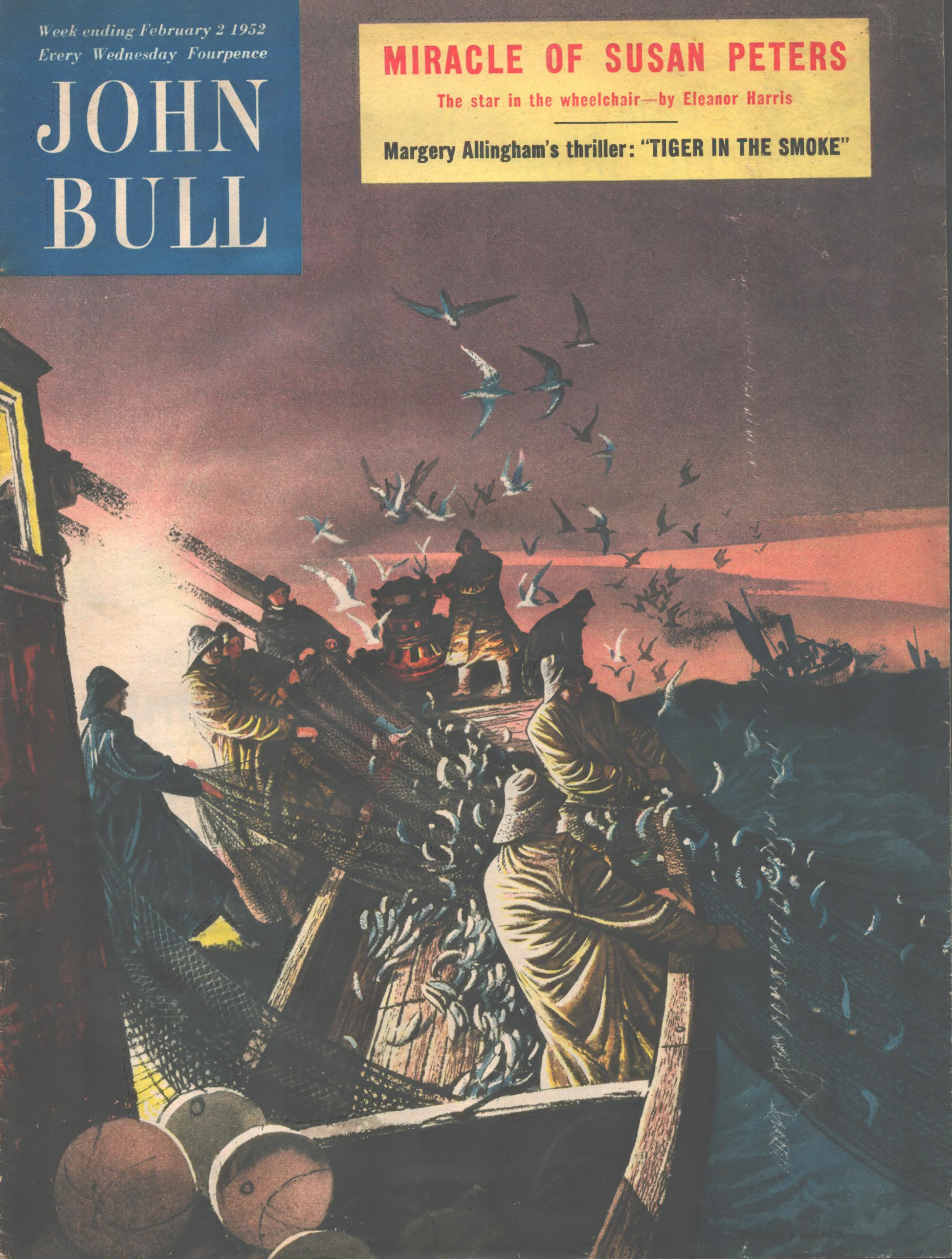
Week ending February 2 1952
Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

MIRACLE OF SUSAN PETERS

The star in the wheelchair—by Eleanor Harris

Margery Allingham's thriller: "TIGER IN THE SMOKE"



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Watch that zebra!

SIR WILFRED BENNETT, of Marylebone, London, is one of the many magistrates who have become involved in controversy about the rights of pedestrians and motorists at the zebra crossings.

Himself a driver of long experience, Sir Wilfred flatly refused to convict a motorist who had been summoned for failing to stop at a zebra crossing while a pedestrian was on it. He pointed out that the pedestrian in this case could safely have gone on walking, and was therefore not being impeded in any way.

It would make "a complete farce of the law," he said, if drivers going both ways had to stop at a zebra crossing for the length of time it took a pedestrian to cross the road.

BUT what is the law, anyway? Several different interpretations have been given in different courts. Magistrates are faced with summonses which they cannot always agree are well placed.

The police, too, are in difficulty. They are physically unable to enforce the regulations against pedestrians, and are often uncertain how their charges against drivers will be received by the courts.

As for the public—it is bewildered and losing confidence in what might have been a valuable safety measure.

THREE months ago, when 10,000 zebras replaced 30,000 of the old pedestrian crossings marked by studs and beacons, it was thought that a great improvement had been made by providing really safe places for people to cross the road in busy streets.

The main rule that at uncontrolled crossings (meaning crossings without police or traffic lights) the zebra stripes would give pedestrians legal precedence over traffic, and force drivers to allow them to cross safely, seemed simple enough.

IT all sounded good, but in practice so many snags have appeared that the system is now in danger of breaking down altogether.

Pedestrians feel no safer, and motorists find that new hazards have been added to the already very considerable difficulties of driving in traffic.

One result is that the practice of crossing roads at random and not by zebras is increasing, not diminishing. Even on zebra crossings several people have been killed and many injured. There have also been more accidents to vehicles because of sudden stops to avoid infringing walkers' rights.

The Pedestrians' Association warns its members not to step in front of cars and says: "Wait for a reasonable gap."

WHAT is a reasonable gap, though? The onus is placed on the pedestrian of deciding the speed of approaching traffic and judging whether, in the prevailing road conditions, it is likely to be able to stop in time to let him cross.

And this at the crossings where walkers, *in theory*, have priority!

DRIVERS are no happier about the new rules. They complain that pedestrians step on to the crossings without warning, when it is too late to halt without risking an accident.

The most serious complaint of all is that zebra crossings are so often hard to see.

CLEARLY, the first step is to overhaul the crossings themselves.

Are they well sited, so that drivers do not come upon them unexpectedly? Do they get obscured by dirt or hidden by parked vehicles? Can they be illuminated by overhead or underground lighting?

All these points must be checked at once, preferably by a national examining body with the backing of the Ministry of Transport.

WHEN all the zebra sites have been overhauled and made as easy to see and as suitably placed as possible—from the point of view of *all* classes of road users—then the courts and the public should be given clear official guidance about the regulations.

It would be madness to try to go on penalizing people for sins committed as much through uncertainty as through wilful disregard of the law.

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February 2, 1952 VOL. 91 No. 2379 PHONE: TEMPLE BAR 2468 GRAMS: HEROICALLY, WESTCENT, LONDON

FREE SPEECH

What does it cost to live happily?

EFFORTS TO RAISE MONEY for my church have given me a curious insight into the lives of people of widely differing degrees of wealth. A man whom I have known for many years, and whose income is certainly in the region of £1,500 a year, told me that he finds it almost impossible to make ends meet.

On the other hand, there are many families in my parish whose income is, perhaps, £7 or £8 a week and who seem to manage very well. I meet the fathers in the pub and their healthy looking children in my church, well-fed and well-clothed. Which leads me to wonder what is the income which brings the greatest happiness to people living in these difficult times. I am sure of only one thing: my own stipend is not enough.—VICAR, Essex.

Spoiling The Broth

WHEN I LIVED in an old-type house with all rooms connecting, I found it very draughty, but, for the housewife, there was one great advantage: the large kitchen-living room where the housewife could cook and do much of her work in comfort, and still have the companionship of her family. Perhaps the reason there is so much bad cooking is that the housewife is only too glad to escape from the modern box-like kitchenette.—MRS. M. D. HARDIE, 561 Fletchamstead Highway, Coventry.

Grandfather Goes Too

SOME OF THE problems of emigration discussed in your Editorial (JOHN BULL, January 5) are solved by Australia's group nomination scheme, which does, in fact, encourage emigrants to take grandfather and grandmother with them. Under that plan, the whole family goes. Within two years, in my own family circle, a nephew sailed, then his wife and five-year-old daughter, then the wife's mother and father and a younger sister, aged twelve. A new baby has been born in Australia and all are now established in their own bungalows. I enclose a snapshot showing the wife's mother helping to build her home at Bainbridge, Frankston, Victoria.—MRS. M. PERKS, 59 Outmore Road, Garretts Green, Birmingham.

Curing By Kindness

DOCTORS, NURSES AND hospital workers in general have difficult and sometimes trying jobs to do. But why do so many of them imagine that efficiency must be accompanied by brusqueness and that any show of humanity is a waste of time? I watched a patient hesitate for a second when a specialist rapped out: "Come and have that vein injected tomorrow morning." No doubt the poor woman was wondering what arrangements she could make about her job or even her children. Immediately she was dismissed with: "Well, it's your leg, not mine," and walked away in tears. I have seen many such incidents.—MISS C. CARROLL, 304 Clipsley Lane, Haydock, St. Helens, Lancs.

The Silent Sex

AS A TEACHER, I travel to work on buses filled with men and return home with crowds of women shoppers. In the mornings I notice that there is absolute quiet, except for the rustle of newspapers. In the evening, all the women seem to be speaking at the same time.—TEACHER, Hull.

Guiana Listens In

OLGA ILLNER'S ARTICLE on the Saucepan Special radio set (JOHN BULL, January 12) "opening a window on the world" for many of the coloured people in Africa, reminded me of the times I have strolled from the centre of Georgetown, in British Guiana, to one of the outer suburbs, never out of hearing of ZFY, the local station, blaring from innumerable sets, with snatches of the B.B.C. overseas programme and the Voice of America intermingled. In the rural areas along the coastal plain, no matter how mean the exterior of the hut, it contains sometimes a refrigerator, often a sewing machine and almost invariably a radio set, in many cases a $300 radiogram.—EX-PLANTER, Perthshire.

MY RUSSIAN WIFE'S HEARTBREAKING LETTERS

See announcement on page 20

Mystery Of The Surplus

THE HOME GUARD cannot be provided with battledress, and some units of the Territorial Army and the Army Cadet Force are inadequately supplied. Yet there are still "Government surplus" stores bulging with this much-needed clothing. In one store I saw the up-to-date type of battledress trousers, with the large leg pocket on the side and not in front, which I do not recollect seeing during the war. Where is this so-called surplus coming from?—R. WHITEMAN, 11 Murton Street, Murton Colliery, Durham.

Innocent Neon Signs

KEITH ELLIS'S ARTICLE, "TV's White Flash Detective" (JOHN BULL, December 8), rightly draws attention to the growing menace of television interference. But he was wrong when he remarked that "neon signs are bad offenders." Neon signs are practically at the bottom of the official Post Office list of offenders, being responsible for only .8 per cent of all complaints.—BERNARD MOSS, Secretary, Electrical Sign Manufacturers' Association, 103 Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Other offenders in the list: Sewing machines (9.8 per cent); faulty receivers (8.2); motor car ignition (4.5); radio transmitters (4.2); inefficient aerials (3.9); hair dryers (2.9); electric fans (2.1); refrigerators (1.4); vacuum cleaners (.9). In twenty-nine per cent of cases investigated, no cause of interference could be found.

. . . The interference service is not only for television users. Post Office "detectives" can be enlisted to deal with interference to ordinary radio reception by completing a form obtainable from any main post office.—RADIO INTERFERENCE OFFICER, Yorks.

Neutral Buoyancy

IT IS A LONG TIME since I read such an enthralling story as Tom Yates's *Human Torpedo* (JOHN BULL, January 12). But I have always understood

Human Torpedo On The Surface

that any major interference with anti-submarine nets raised an alarm of some kind. Yet the "charioteers" did not worry about this.—DENNIS HAYWOOD, 10 Gledhow Street, Armley, Leeds..

. . . I am curious about the underwater performance of the "charioteer." If he became unshipped, would he shoot to the surface, or descend to the sea-bed like a conventional diver?—B. M. MALPAS, 77 Gloucester Place, London, W.1.

Not all anti-submarine nets have alarm systems fitted. A charioteer's outfit gives him roughly neutral buoyancy. If unshipped, he can swim about without changing level. He can use his oxygen supply to vary his buoyancy and come to the surface. If he runs out of oxygen, he sinks.

Air Mail To Malaya

MY BROTHER, doing his National Service in Malaya, is stationed where there is no NAAFI or entertainment of any sort. I wanted to send him a game to help pass the time. To send it air mail would cost £2—about three times what it had cost. To send it by sea takes six or seven weeks.—MISS M. NIMMO, 15 Arrol Place, Glasgow.

Letters intended for publication should be marked "Free Speech" and include the sender's full name and address. John Bull pays a guinea for every letter printed. Readers with personal problems should send inquiries (other than medical) to John Bull Free Advice Service with a stamped addressed envelope for reply.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

ROWLAND HILDER, R.I., knows his herring drifters. He began as a marine artist, and made many voyages in tramps, fishing vessels and barges. In those days, he made numerous sketches of the dramatic moment he pictures in this water-colour painting—dawn in the North Sea as the nets are hauled in. Though Hilder turned to landscape work, the sea remains his first love, and his most enjoyable hobby is still sailing.

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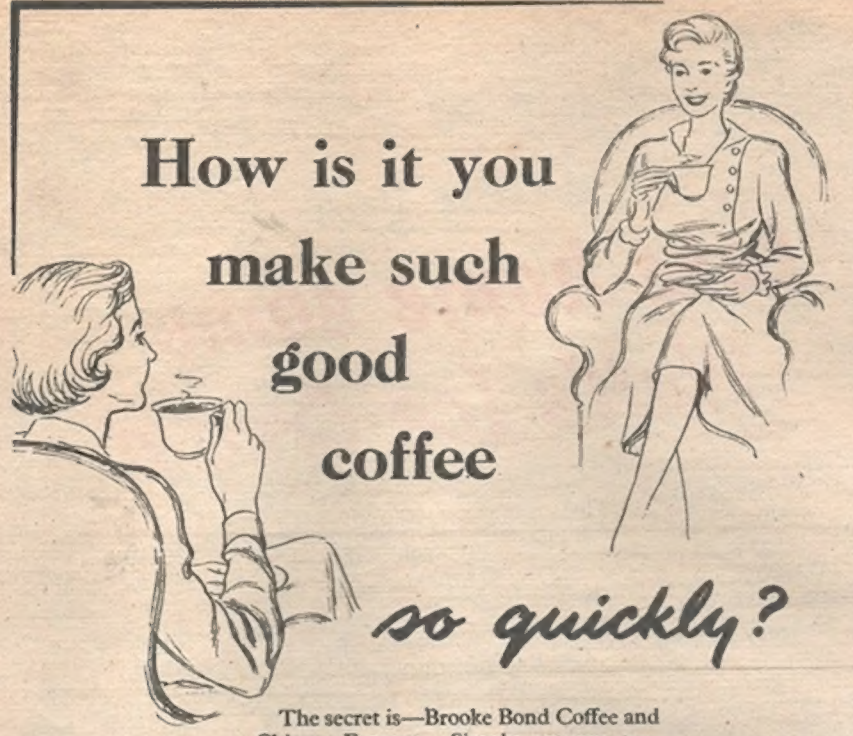

The secret is—Brooke Bond Coffee and Chicory Essence. Simply put one teaspoonful in a cup (two if a breakfast cup), pour on boiling water, then hot milk, adding sugar if you like it sweeter. There's the quality flavour in it to please everyone. It is economical, too.

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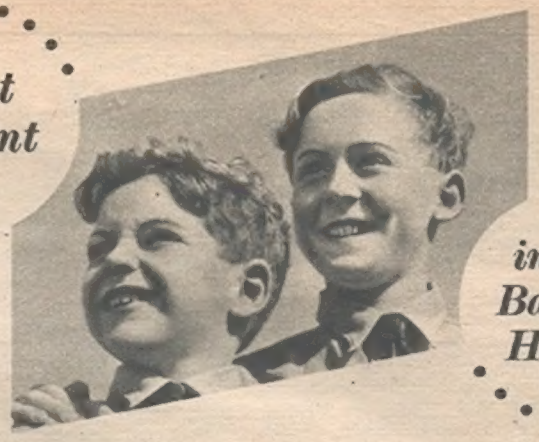

in the Bank of Health

On they go from morn to night; they never seem to tire.

But then they started right. Their reserves of energy, their healthy growth and good, strong bones and teeth were all founded when they were babies.

And mother also knew the exceptional value to the "over fives" of SevenSeaS as a rich supplier of vital energy.

The Government supplies cod liver oil free to babies and expectant mothers, but the five-year-olds and over need it just as much.

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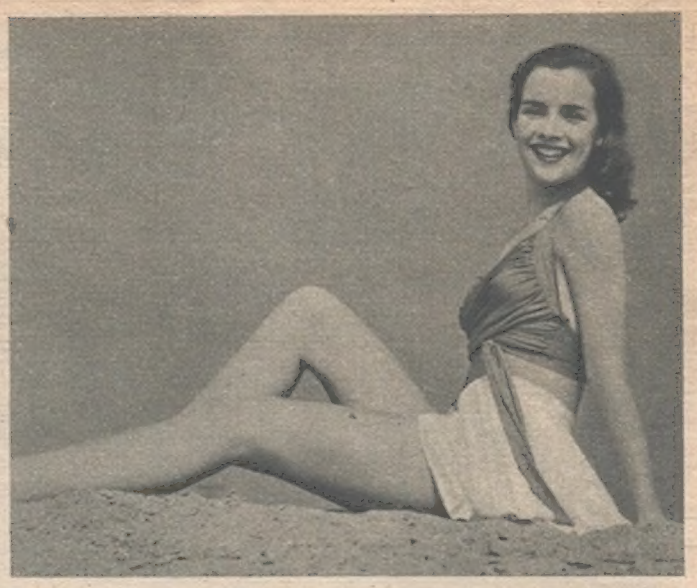
BRANCHES IN MOST PRINCIPAL TOWNS

Miracle of Susan Peters

by ELEANOR HARRIS

She was a gay Hollywood star—then a bullet crippled her. This tells how she faced up to life in a wheelchair and made a comeback



Susan, a favourite Forces pin-up girl, before her accident

ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1945, Susan Peters, a rising Hollywood film star, went on a hunting trip that changed her life for ever. Helping her fellow hunters to pack at the end of the trip, she picked up an "empty" gun. Its single bullet severed her spinal cord. In a second she had been paralysed for life from the waist down. Yet today she is living a fuller and happier life than most of us. "Everything about my life is different from what it was before I shot myself," she says. "But it's still a fine one."

She stars every afternoon in an American television serial called *Miss Susan*. It deals with a beautiful young woman lawyer confined to a wheelchair, who works out the problems of those around her.

Before her accident Susan stood 5 feet 4 inches and weighed 7 stone 6 pounds. Now she weighs 5 stone 13 pounds, and everything about her slight figure is daintily feminine. She is gay, tomboyish, full of fun, and completely matter-of-fact about her paralysis, thus immediately putting newcomers at their ease.

During her first few days in Philadelphia last March, when she had arrived from Hollywood to star in *Miss Susan*, the strange cast of television actors felt embarrassed with her, until an actor read her the script line: "That should rock you back on your little heels!"

"Wait!" cried Susan. "Let's change that line to read: 'That should rock you back on your little wheels'—because, after all, that's more true." The line was read her way—and the actors felt at home with her from then on.

She Still Rides Horses

Susan refuses to give in to her chair-ridden condition. Philadelphians are now used to watching her flash by at the steering wheel of her blue Oldsmobile convertible, her only passenger her five-year-old adopted son, Timothy. (The car is equipped with a hand throttle and hand brake.) An enthusiastic hunter, she is carried by friends to duck-shoots; seated, she brings down birds with expert shots. The fishing season finds her reeling in her quota of fish from boats or banks, and she has even refused to give up her lifelong habit of horseback riding—although now she must ride clinging with her hands to the saddle while she holds the reins in her teeth.

The idea of giving up dates with men has never occurred to her. "After all, I'm only twenty-six years old," she says. "I'm fond of going to Italian restaurants and occasionally night clubs." With men she knows slightly she

Two years after she was crippled (she was dangerously ill for seven months) Susan was making films again. Her brother, Bob, escorts her to the studio

Susan now stars in a television show. Her rôle, a crippled woman lawyer, is one she is planning to play in real life

The star with her adopted son, Timothy, and ex-husband Richard Quine. It was Susan who insisted on divorce. Quine, friends say, is still in love with her

is chaperoned throughout the evening by her Negro butler, Chick. Chick carries Susan from her bedroom down to the front seat of the car and settles her beside her escort. Then he stows himself, and Susan's folding wheelchair, into the back seat. On reaching the restaurant Susan's escort stands by while Chick unfolds the chair on the pavement and carries Susan to it—and it is Chick who wheels her inside and up to a table. But with men she knows well Susan leaves Chick behind. "I ask them first if they have strong backs—because who wants to be dropped?" she says, grinning.

Because of her independent attitude it is hard to remember that Susan is completely helpless from the waist down. She requires not only Chick to carry her from place to place, and his wife Lee to do the cooking (she often does the shopping herself), but also nurse Sophie Stean to dress and care for her. It is also hard to remember that Susan alone pays the salaries of this retinue as well as the expenses of their large household, and that she is the sole support of herself and her adopted son, Timothy. Expenses cut about 400 dollars out of her weekly earnings of 1,000 dollars. She earns this income in a field new to her since her accident—and because the show originates in Philadelphia, she had to uproot her life and move there, coming 3,000 miles from her homeland, California.

Fiery French Grandmother

The name "Susan Peters" was studio-inspired. She was born Suzanne Carnahan twenty-six years ago in Seattle, Washington. Her father, Robert Carnahan, a civil engineer, was killed in a road accident while she was still a baby. With her mother, Susan moved to Southern California to live with her grandmother, a fiery little Frenchwoman named Maria Patteneaude.

"If I have any independence at all it's due to my grandmother," says Susan now. "When I was thirteen years old *Ma Mère*, who was blind, demanded that I drive her to the beach. I argued that I didn't know how to drive a car. 'Nonsense!' snapped my grandmother. 'I'll tell you how. I knew myself before I went blind.'"

With her younger brother, Bob, Susan grew up outdoors. She rode horses so well that at fourteen she became a "pro," earning money for breaking and showing other people's horses. From childhood she swam superbly, played excellent tennis, and hunted. She used part of each school holiday to earn money running lifts and wrapping parcels at a Hollywood store.

"I never once thought of acting all this time," Susan says. "I planned to be a doctor." Two days before she was to be graduated, a film talent scout spotted Susan and talked her into signing up with him as a movie actress.

Rocketed To Stardom

In the next four years she acted in twelve pictures, including *Song of Russia, Keep Your Powder Dry* and *Random Harvest*. Her performance as Kitty in this last picture rocketed her into nomination for the Academy Award, and into stardom. She married a handsome young actor, Richard Quine. With him she lived in a palatial Beverly Hills home, raised racing horses and continued her enthusiasm for outdoor life. She was twenty when her accident happened.

The hospital examination afterwards showed that the bullet had pierced her abdomen, part of one lung, and had severed her spinal cord. Although there was small hope of her remaining alive, Susan was operated upon that night. The next morning, when the doctor visited her, she asked him at once, "Will I walk?" He was forced to tell her the truth: "Never again."

"Nobody believes me," Susan says, "but when he told me the news I simply accepted it. What was the use of raging? I told my family, 'Really, kids, I don't care.' They were wonderful, too—just as nasty and just as nice as they'd ever been. No difference at all. What my blind grandmother said was unprintable—and very cheering! When my brother Bob telephoned me from Detroit, where he was stationed with the army, I got all ready for some sympathy. But instead he yelled over the phone, 'You stupid ass, what did you *mean* picking up a gun that was pointed at you! Have you lost what you call a mind?' I think that did more for my morale than anything else."

She was on the dangerously ill list for seven months after her accident. Then one day she told her husband, "Get me out of here. I'm sick of hospitals." In spite of the doctors' objections, Dick Quine brought his wife home.

Once she was home again Susan began her fight to regain independence. Within a few weeks she and Dick had adopted a seven-day-old baby boy, Timothy. Lying on her stomach on a bed without a headboard (for greater freedom of her arms) she had a card table placed at the head of the bed as a workbench. Here, from a stomach position, she bathed and dressed the baby daily. Here also she learned to touch-typewrite from a stomach position, and wrote articles on fellow movie stars for a magazine. She borrowed a portable electric sewing machine from a friend and began to design special clothes for herself.

Sometimes Susan had temporary rebellions against restriction. Once she fired the cook and butler, determined to do all the housework herself. "But I found I couldn't reach anything off the kitchen shelves," she says, "and I had to telephone friends to rush to my rescue when I was cooking meals. After a few days I gave up and rehired the help."

Went Driving Alone

Her first big outside-the-house triumph came with her new car. With Dick at her side she spent hours learning to use its hand controls—and then demanded that he let her drive the car alone. He stubbornly refused. "So one day I tricked him into leaving me alone," she says. "I sent him back into the house for my purse. When he came out I was gone. It was seven hours before I drove home again. After that, Dick let me go anywhere by myself."

In 1948, three years after her accident, Susan asked Dick for a divorce. "I didn't feel it was fair to him, being tied to me," she says. For months Dick refused (friends say that he is still in love with Susan), but when he saw that her mind was made up he agreed. The divorce was granted on her charge of "mental cruelty." Since the divorce, however, the two have seen almost as much of each other as when they were married.

Susan was just as independent about her career as she was about her personal life. "My studio

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HARRY HOPKINS REPORTS FROM BORNEO

After the strife of Malaya and Indo-China, Harry Hopkins arrives in British Borneo, where life is primitive—and politics just don't exist

It's so peaceful in the Wild Men's land

North Borneo's one and only railway. It runs—though no one seems to know when—along the west coast. Passengers travel in "toast-rack" carriages or railed jeep. *Pictures by Harry Hopkins*

JESSELTON

THE MOSQUITO HAD BEEN GONE for four and a half hours. In the brown, earth-floored mess tent ears were cocked for the drone of the returning engines. Bill Slinger, sergeant in charge of the R.A.F. signals unit that watches over the airliners from Singapore, went out to check on the aircraft's latest position; Sergeant Madgwick, photo recce squadron engineer, made certain that the crew was ready on the field. Fifty yards away, in the survey tent, stacked high with bundled photographs and rolled maps, Corporal Dick Stevens of the Royal Engineers prepared to plot in the latest slice of this vast unknown land to be covered by the prying recording cameras of the R.A.F.

The aerial survey of British Borneo was in its third year. Already the pencilled lanes covered most of Stevens's map like an enormous lawn run over by the mower. They stretched from Labuan eastwards across Brunei Bay and North Borneo till they ran into the Celebes Sea. They stretched from Labuan, westwards, across the mangrove swamps and the jungle and the broad serpentine rivers to the wild high mountains of the Indonesian border. It was down there that Flight Lieutenant Briggs's Mosquito had gone that morning.

Swimming And Fishing

Dick Stevens, who came from Gloucester, had been only five weeks on Labuan—the R.A.F.'s "Farthest East" detachment; Bill Slinger, a Bradfordian, had been there twenty-two months, which made him the oldest inhabitant. Both men liked the life on this tiny island that was Britain's first foothold in these parts, and her jumping-off point for some of the most colourful chapters in the whole Imperial story.

There were not any bright lights on Labuan (they call it Labóoăn), but there was swimming in the warm China Sea, there was fishing for multi-coloured fish with home-made tackle, and twice a week there were the cinema shows on the little open-air screen in the R.A.F. camp, attended by most of the island's European population (thirty men and ten women) and the larger part of the "Asians," too. It was all very cosy.

The Mosquito was coming in to land. I climbed into Corporal Stevens's jeep and we tore off to the runway to pick up the crew. As he got out from the plane, Flight Lieutenant Briggs shook his head. A bit of remapping—and that was about all they had been able to

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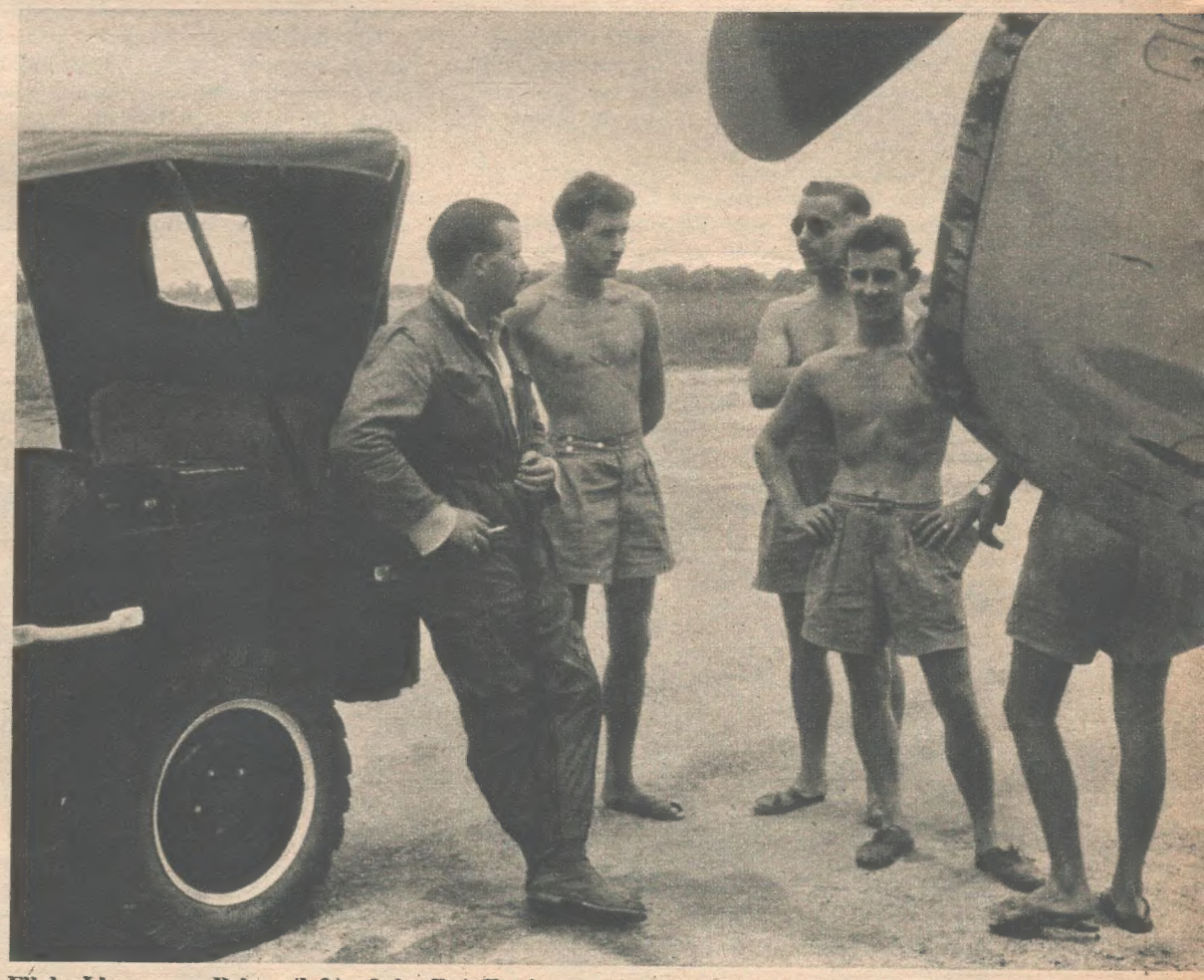

Flight Lieutenant Briggs (left) of the R.A.F. photo recce squadron on Labuan. Borneo is still largely uncharted, and aerial pictures are already uncovering new clues to the island's wealth

ON THE RUN

by ***DUDLEY HOYS***

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAMBERLAIN

He had run in a moment of panic; now he had to keep on running—or hang for a murder he didn't commit

I FELT SORRY FOR TED BLAKE. He must have had a strong temptation to act as judge, jury and executioner. After all, an evil hurt had been done to him, and the law of the land was powerless to deal with it. The Iredale folk took a sympathetic attitude. "Ay," they told one another, "he killed Walton, but who can blame him?" And yet, like the police, they jumped to wrong conclusions.

A steady type, Ted, wide-shouldered and powerful, with quiet blue eyes; he lived alone in that tiny stone cottage tucked under the fell-breast, and worked at the local granite quarry. He had tried his hand at various jobs—shepherding, driving a tractor for the county agricultural committee, and even spent a couple of years down at Liverpool docks. The money he picked up there failed to compensate for his country-bred longing for greenery. He came back, got fixed up at the quarry, and in his spare time earned a bit extra at haymaking and the like.

Three years ago he started courting Elsie, daughter of Eb Marsh, who ran Crosshow Farm and took in visitors. She was an extraordinarily pretty girl; her prettiness astonished everyone, for Eb Marsh is an ugly old devil, and so was his wife. Ted went crazy about her. A few days before he could screw up enough courage to ask her to marry him, she went off with a visitor named Walton, twice her age, though young to look at, and a very agile fell walker and rock climber. It turned out later that Walton had a wife of his own, and that, in Ted's eyes, made things worse.

"If I ever come across yon Walton, I'll do him in." He often said this, in an unemotional fashion, to us dalesfolk. We took it as a sort of safety valve, one of those empty, pathetic threats with which a man tries to console himself. Later, it was to become deadly evidence against him.

One wet September Sunday morning, he was leaving his cottage to have a go at the sea trout in the pool below Ire Bridge. On the way he met Joe Todd, of Wasdale, the next dale north of ours.

"Bit of news for you," Joe Todd said, giving him a side glance. "That chap Walton's stayin' up at Wasdale Head."

Ted stood quite still.

"Met him as I was comin' up from t'other side. We spoke a few words, like. Said he was goin' to do Gable this mornin', then across to Scafell Pike by Guide's route, then over to Scafell by Broad Stand."

Ted said, very softly:

"What time was it you met him?"

"About eight," said Joe, not so much a deliberate mischiefmaker as one who felt entitled to enjoy the imparting of spicy news.

Five minutes later, Ted was moving up the fell-breast at terrific speed. I never knew anybody who could rival him at tackling the really rough, steep stuff. He could keep his feet level over boulders and mixed scree by treading flat with one foot and turning the other sideways and pressing against vertical edges.

It was ten o'clock, and he reckoned on reaching Broad Stand not much after midday. If he waited there he was bound to encounter Walton. Though Scafell was popular with scrambling visitors, the unpromising weather and drifting cloud might very well mean that they would have the world up there to themselves. Ted was not quite sure what he intended to do when they met. He'd tell the swine some home truths. And maybe, when they were on a safer spot, he'd give him a pair o' black eyes to take back to Wasdale. But on Broad Stand itself he would have to go carefully.

SKIRTING the high, crumpled plateau of Burnmoor, where the haunted fluting of late curlew bubbled through the silence, he plodded up the steepness of Horn Crag and kept up a swift pace along the ridge to the cairn on the summit of Scafell itself. There, with the smeary world beneath him, he made a careful survey. There was nobody in sight.

Ted squatted down beneath a boss of rock, and waited. An hour passed, and nothing moved, except odd sheep browsing precariously on the slopes below and a buzzard that wheeled and mewed harshly on high.

Then he saw a tiny figure loom up on the opposite slope and start to descend towards the scree trod. It was Walton, tall and fair, a certain arrogance in his ease of movement. He crossed the narrow spine, reached up for the first hold, began his ascent of the wet, forbidding rock face.

Without any warning, Ted rose up. "Hallo, Walton," he said.

To Walton, this sudden confronting by the man he had wronged must have been like a physical blow. He made a noise in his throat, jerked back, lost his hold and slipped. His body went hurtling down into emptiness, and his half-scream echoed and died.

That was what it was, a fatal accident at a spot where several have lost their lives, with no premeditation on the part of Ted. But a second after Walton dropped into space, Ted heard another cry, not from below, but from the jagged slope across the gap. An ardent bird-watcher had been lying patiently under cover with a pair of field glasses. Ted saw the man rise and stare across and down.

In that instant he realized his position. Time and again he had vowed publicly to kill Walton if he ever got the chance. The watcher opposite must have spotted him leap up. At that range, his gesture might well have resembled a savage push.

The words "Wanted for Murder" flared through his mind.

They stampeded him into a number of quick decisions, and subsequently we of the dale were able to make a fair guess at them. That man with the field-glasses would rush helter-skelter for Wasdale Head and the nearest phone. It would take, Ted calculated, the best part of an hour and a half.

Once the police got the news, every dale road would be blocked to him. By keeping to the tops, he might reach the fringes of Lakeland unseen. Beyond that, he would have to come down to the world of people and roads and phones and cars. And they would be waiting for him.

He made his decision. He would race down to his cottage in Iredale, stuff into his pockets the few pounds he had saved, pack a rucksack with all the food he could find and take to Mart Fell. There were spots in that gully-cleft wilderness where a man might hide safely for days. If he stayed there awhile they might conclude he had broken free of Lakeland and turn their attention to the outer world. That would be the time to make use of the darkness and get clear of the fells. If he could make Liverpool there was always the chance of a foreign ship needing an extra hand, and no questions asked.

HE came down from Scafell at a scrambling run, threaded the hummocky maze above Iredale fell, reached his cottage, allowed himself five minutes to pack. It was a drowsy period in an isolated dale, two thirty on a Sunday afternoon. Assured by sharp glances about the fields, and up and down the road, he crossed the dale and took to the cover of a gully splitting the lower Mart fell-breast, where a beck frothed down between stony sides thick with whin and rowans and scrub-oak. Seven hundred feet up, he paused to look back along the floor of the dale. Cycling up the road was a figure he

The paper shielded his face. So far, the off-duty policeman, in front, hadn't seen him

Ted came down at full tilt. As he streaked past the girls, he saw their startled faces

identified as Gainford, the Iredale Green policeman. The hunt was on.

For his first hide-out he chose a huddle of boulders on a spur, at an altitude of about 1,800 feet. He had a view of sweeping miles of the fells and of the wide slopes above. Without exposing himself, he could get at water nearby, trickling beneath stones. And if searchers got dangerously close, there was a gully slanting down to a crag-face where he could wriggle himself into a split in the rock.

He had no fear of being caught while he slept at night. Few locals would risk this tricky wilderness after dark, and the police on their own account would never dare such blind and dangerous searching.

On the second morning, crouching among the boulders, he watched a line of tiny figures moving up the slopes from the south-west.. The weather was still mild and humid, and it almost amused him to see the frequent stopping and resting that took place. Some of the figures were men in dark blue, and plainly the fells were taking toll of their lungs and legs. They kept clapping field-glasses to their eyes and examining the knobbly chaos. Four of them scrambled painfully up a series of crags to a shadow that resembled a cave. Nobody passed within a quarter of a mile of him. The police were probably assuring themselves that sooner or later he would have to come down, or die from starvation.

By the end of the fifth day, despite rationing of his food, there was nothing left. It was months too late for the eggs of mountain birds. The bilberries were over. He had got to eat, and that meant coming down from the heights. He resolved to descend to Dunnerdale before dawn, cross the road and ascend that well-marked track known as Walna Sca, until the increasing light made further movement unwise. Somewhere near the top of the 2,000-foot ridge he would lie doggo until dusk. After that, he would descend to Coniston, where nobody knew him, find some café and take a chance.

Realizing that his stubbly growth of beard might set people thinking, he washed himself in the trickle of water among the stones, shaved, and brushed his clothes with his hands.

Mist veiled the early morning. He plodded down to Dunnerdale and along the road to Seathwaite hamlet through a visibility limited to about thirty yards. He was halfway up Walna Sca before the grey, damp scarves began to thin out and dissolve wispily. From the masked distance below rose dale voices shouting orders to dogs. Some sheep-farmer was setting out gathering, and he would have to get under cover. He made for some boulders to the left of the track, about a couple of hundred feet from the top, and threw himself flat. For nine aching and empty hours he had to remain still. No sooner was the gathering completed than odd parties of hikers, youth hostelers and the like, started to appear, either plodding heavily up the track, or coming light-heartedly down it. But by three o'clock he felt it safe to stretch himself. Cautious glances had shown the track clear, above and below.

Cramped and ravenous, he stood up. It was his one big mistake. Four hundred feet below, emerging from a blind curve of the track, came four hikers. They saw him as he saw them. One of them whipped out field-glasses. All four stopped, staring. It was useless for him to dodge back under cover. He watched them talking together. Then two of them, wearing wind-jackets and shorts, came hurrying on and up at a fast pace, and the other two started down. They had about 1,200 feet to descend to the telephone at Seathwaite, and easy going.

Ted made for the ridge, running. To veer right or left, searching for cover on the barren Coniston fells, with these two so close, would be to trap himself. His one hope lay in a desperate rush down to Coniston. He had to beat the two descending to the phone. He had also got

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Only two hours after Vogeler reached Vienna, newspapermen were swarming around his home

To persuade Dean Acheson to negotiate for her husband's release, Lucile flew to London

Lucile wins—and the Reds set me free

by ***ROBERT A. VOGELER***

with Leigh White

After more than a year in a Hungarian jail for "espionage," Vogeler was released. "We shall be very interested in what you have to say," he was warned. "Be cautious. Our arm is long"

IN THE ENTIRE seventeen months of my imprisonment in Hungary for "espionage," I was not once permitted to see a single newspaper or magazine, or to learn of a single event that had occurred since the day of my arrest. I learned of the war in Korea, for example, only after I had been released. Nor, after my trial, was I allowed to see Edgar Sanders, the Englishman who was sentenced with me.

I had repeatedly asked for a Bible, but it was not until September, 1950, that I received one. In the meantime I was allowed to read several books by Dickens, Tolstoy and Gogol. I was also given Shaw's *Man and Superman*, Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*, Bromfield's *The Rains Came*, the second volume of Molière's collected plays and, for comic relief, the collected wartime speeches of Stalin.

My cell in the Maria Theresa barracks was about ten feet by seven. It contained a bunk, a table and a chair, all cemented into the floor, and a small cabinet bolted into the wall. There was no sanitation, and I had to knock on the steel door whenever necessary, to be escorted to the lavatory at the end of the corridor. Once a week I was shaved and showered.

A small barred window, covered on the inside with a heavy wire grill, was my only source of daylight. The electric light was kept burning at all times, and at night two searchlights were trained on the wing of the barracks in which my five companions and I were imprisoned. A spotlight was later set up in the courtyard and trained on my window.

Not Allowed To Speak

At the foot of my bunk was a tile stove which was lit on winter mornings and kept me warm until the middle of the afternoon. The rest of the time, in winter, my cell was so cold that I had to stay in bed. The wooden slats of my bunk were covered with a thin hair mattress. The bedclothing consisted of two cotton-flannel blankets and a rough canvas sheet, which was changed, in theory—but only in theory—once a month.

One of the rules of our imprisonment was that none of us was ever to speak an unnecessary word. To keep myself from going crazy, I whispered an average of a hundred prayers a day. I also worked out Euclid's plane geometry in my head. I had to do it in my head, for I was allowed no writing materials except on special occasions. Once a month I was allowed to write a one-page letter to my wife. I was also allowed to address occasional requests to the authorities.

Beyond the west wall of the courtyard I could see the chimney pots of a row of tenement houses on the opposite side of the street. At night I could hear engines shunting along the Danube waterfront. On all but one Sunday I heard a xylophonist practising in one of the tenements across the street. He always played the same two gipsy tunes, and he never played them more than once. He was not a very good musician, but I enjoyed listening to him, and I felt especially sad on the one Sunday when he failed to play.

Ten Cigarettes A Day

The food at the Maria Theresa barracks was not too bad. I was served meat—usually pork—three times a week. Every morning for breakfast I was served ersatz coffee with boiled milk and a white roll. My weight levelled off at nearly three stones under normal.

I was issued with one packet of American cigarettes, but no matches, every other day. Whenever I wanted to smoke I had to knock on the door of my cell and put my mouth, with a cigarette in it, up to the peephole. One of the guards would then light the cigarette from the outside. Before I could receive another packet of cigarettes, I had to surrender the twenty butts that I had already smoked. This precaution, I suppose, was intended to prevent me from committing suicide by eating my cigarettes.

From time to time I was able to ask if any word had been received from my wife, and if any inquiries had been made by the American Legation in Budapest. The answer to these questions was always "No," and so I always returned to my cell in a state of profound despair.

It was not until after my release that I learned of my wife's untiring efforts to keep my case alive. Lucile's idea was to impose a boycott on Hungary, and if she had received any support from Washington it might have been effective. It was not entirely ineffective, even so, for she managed to prevent Hungary from selling 5,000 tons of dressed turkeys to Britain during the Christmas season of 1949. She also prevented Hungary from purchasing 30,000 bales of cotton from the U.S. in 1950.

Our diplomats, however, took a very dim view of Lucile's "interference," as they called it, and tried in vain to force her to give up her battle and return to the U.S. But in defiance she opened direct negotiations with the Viennese underworld, offering to raise 500,000 dollars to pay for my liberation.

Suddenly she announced in May, 1950, that she was flying to London to "confer" with Dean Acheson, the U.S. Secretary of State, who was

Vogeler is reunited with his family—Lucile, Billy, aged nine (left), and Bobby, aged eleven

attending the fourth meeting of the North Atlantic Council. Mr. Acheson had no alternative but to receive her, and she asked him point-blank if he had a feasible plan for procuring my release without delay. He admitted that he had not.

Agents' Ransom Terms

Lucile then submitted the ransom terms she had obtained from the Hungarian agents with whom she had been dealing in Vienna: 2,000,000 dollars' worth of ball bearings, radio valves and special steel from Western Germany; the reopening of the Hungarian consulates in Cleveland and New York; and the rescinding of the ban on private American travel to Hungary.

Dean Acheson, she recalls, said that such a proposal was "out of the question." She explained that she had been given to understand that the 2,000,000 dollar figure could be reduced to 500,000, which she hoped to raise privately.

"I'm sorry," said Acheson, "but it can't be done."

"I can be very stubborn," said Lucile.

"I can be stubborn, too," said Acheson.

"But not as stubborn as I am," said Lucile. And in this instance her stubbornness won. After consulting Washington, Acheson agreed to authorize immediate negotiations for my release. The price eventually paid was a heavy one. The U.S. Government was forced to rescind its ban on private travel, reopen the consulates, restore Hungary's property in the American Zone of Germany, and end the "Voice of America" broadcasts to Hungary.

On the morning of April 26, 1951, the warrant officer came to my cell with a clean shirt, a pair of shoelaces, a tin of shoe polish and a clothes brush. When he told me to spruce up, in preparation for an important visit, I was naturally excited.

Early that afternoon the warrant officer led me down to the main courtyard of the Maria Theresa barracks. My second inquisitor, Number Two, was waiting for me in a black car. I was placed in the rear between the warrant officer and Number Two, who pulled down the familiar black curtains before we passed through the barrack gate and into the street.

The sun was so bright that I could detect occasional landmarks through the translucent curtains. We crossed the Danube and ended up at the brand-new Ministry of Internal Affairs. I was led into a long room. At the far end, behind a desk from which a conference table projected in the latest Hollywood manner, sat General Gabor Peter, chief of the political police. "Now that you've been in prison for seventeen months," he said, "how do you feel?"

"As you can easily imagine," I said, "the last seventeen months have seemed much longer to me than they have to you."

Peter was his usual dapper self. His grey moustache had been carefully trimmed and his hands were freshly manicured. He was attired, as always, in a dark grey suit. He asked me if I had been comfortable in my cell and if there was anything I wanted.

Letters Never Posted

I asked once again to be allowed to communicate with the American Legation. All I wanted to know, I said, was how my wife and family were getting along. Although I had been allowed to write monthly letters to my wife, I had received no replies. The reason, as I later discovered, was a simple one. My letters had never been posted.

"I'll see what I can do," said Peter, "but I must remind you again that your Government has not once expressed the slightest interest in your case." He never tired of repeating the same cruel lie.

"How much longer will I have to serve?" I asked.

"We'll speak of that in a few days. In the meantime, if there's anything you want, within reason, you have only to write a request and I'll do what I can to see that your request is granted."

On the night of April 27, half an hour after I had gone to sleep, the warrant officer came to my cell to tell me to dress at once. Number Two drove me back to the Ministry of Internal Affairs, this time without drawing the curtains. It was only eleven o'clock but the streets of Budapest were already deserted. We walked in through the main entrance.

Interview With Peter

Peter received me in the presence of no one except the young interpreter. He shook hands with me, to my surprise, offered me one of his English cigarettes and told me to be seated.

"The people's authorities," he said, "have expressed their willingness to consider the question of your release. But you'll have to cooperate if you want their decision to be favourable. It will help you if you sign the letter that I am now going to dictate."

He took an expensive American fountain pen out of his waistcoat pocket and handed it to me along with a sheaf of writing paper. "Date the letter, 'Budapest, February 15, 1951,'" he said, "and address it to me."

At his dictation I wrote:

> My dear General: I wish to state that my arrest, my investigation and my trial were conducted in a fair and just manner. At no time, during or preceding my imprisonment, was I mistreated in any way. During my imprisonment I was shown every possible consideration. I was supplied, for example, with English books, writing materials, American cigarettes, and every sanitary convenience.
>
> In recognition of the kind treatment that I have received, I wish to express my gratitude by presenting you with a token of my consideration—the gold ring that you have kept for me during my imprisonment.
>
> From our conversations I have learned that you, as a representative of the Hungarian People's Republic, are interested in world peace. I, too, am interested in world peace. I therefore promise to meet at any time with your designated representative, who will make himself known to me by means of the ring that I have given you. I promise further to inform him whether the United States Government plans to go to war with the people's democracies of the world. I understand that this promise in no way obliges me to reveal any other secrets.
>
> Sincerely yours,

"That's the letter," said Peter. "I suggest that you study it while I am gone. I won't be very long."

He limped out of the office and left me alone with the interpreter, who looked at me with a

"I can be stubborn," Lucile Vogeler told Dean Acheson, U.S. Secretary of State, when she met him at the London Embassy

Waiting for news, Lucile filled four scrapbooks. With her is her sister (right) and Magda Nadherny, a friend of Edgar Sanders—still in prison

puzzled expression. I was equally puzzled. Did Peter really believe that I would tip him off in advance of a third World War?

When he returned to the office, Peter asked me, rather doubtfully, if I would sign the letter that he had dictated. I signed it without another thought. I would have signed anything, I suppose, in order to be freed.

"Before you go," said Peter, "there's another request I have to make. My representative will telephone to say, 'A friend from Budapest is here to see you very urgently.' This will mean that you are to meet him in the bar of the leading hotel of the city in which you happen to be. For the purpose of recognition, you will both wear white flowers in your buttonholes. And, if you should meet in New York, I suggest the bar in the Waldorf-Astoria basement."

Promise Was A Secret

Peter added that he would trust me not to mention the ring or the contents of the letter to anyone. I was expected to betray my country, I gathered, out of gratitude for being released from prison after seventeen months of unlawful confinement.

Number Two escorted me back to the Maria Theresa barracks. A few minutes after I had been locked in my cell, Peter's secretary appeared with a copy of the official white book: *R. Vogeler, E. Sanders and Their Accomplices Before The Criminal Court*. He told me to read it that night and to give it to the warrant officer in the morning. Apparently it was supposed to fill me with a proper sense of remorse.

It was then about one o'clock. I read and re-read the incredible document until the warrant officer came to collect us just as dawn was breaking. No one seems to have slept that night. A few minutes before six, on the morning of April 28, the commandant himself escorted me downstairs. Peter, Number Two and the interpreter were waiting for me in the commandant's office.

"I have been to see my superiors," said Peter, who looked rather wan, "and they have agreed to release you within an hour."

He then gave me three documents to sign. The first was a formal statement reiterating that I had not been mistreated, that I had confessed voluntarily and that I had been justly sentenced to fifteen years in prison. It wasn't true, but I signed it anyway.

The second document was an itemized receipt for the personal property that was now returned to me. It consisted of my wallet, minus my dollars, pounds and florins; a cheap Czechoslovakian fountain pen to replace my expensive American pen-and-pencil set; my chromium wrist watch; and one of my two cigarette lighters. My best suitcase, along with my better articles of clothing, had disappeared. I was thus robbed of currency and possessions worth at least 3,000 dollars.

The third document was an itemized account of the expenses that the political police had allegedly incurred on my behalf: soap, toothpaste, laundry, playing cards and Bible. Total, 1,400 florins. The remainder of my 7,500 florins, Peter said, had been turned over to the American Legation. I later discovered, to my surprise, that Peter, for once, had told the truth.

"In Vienna," said Peter, "and later in New York and Washington, you will be asked many questions about the treatment that you have received in Hungary. We shall be very interested in what you have to say. I would advise you to be cautious, for we are young men and our arm is long." He then stood up, bowed and said good-bye, but this time he made no effort to shake my hand.

Driven To Frontier

The warrant officer took me down to the basement for my last shower and shave. Then he brought me the black, striped suit in which I had appeared at the trial. He also brought me a clean shirt and some socks and pants, none of which were mine. As soon as I had dressed, we joined the commandant in his office, where a pot of coffee, a porcelain cup and saucer, and a plateful of cakes were lying on a table covered with a towel. "*Tessek. Kerem szepen!*" said the commandant, bowing like an over-solicitous waiter. "Help yourself, please!"

Number Two, the interpreter and a tall captain dressed in riding-boots accompanied me to the frontier in the usual black car. Ten miles out of Budapest we joined a tall major and a tall civilian in another black car. At the Hegyshalom frontier station, we were met by ten or fifteen men and women, apparently writers for Communist newspapers, who stared at me in silence. As soon as my passport had been stamped, Number Two handed it back to me, saying, "You're free. You may go."

I started back towards the black car in which I had travelled from Budapest, but the tall civilian, who turned out to be a representative of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, said, "No. We walk."

The chauffeur placed my two suitcases in the middle of the highway. The civilian indicated that I was to carry them across the border. I picked them up and staggered off in the direction of Austria, like Charlie Chaplin in the fade-out of almost any of his films. It was my final humiliation as a prisoner of Stalin's political police. The tall civilian walked beside me, followed by the tall captain and the tall major. They had evidently been selected for their height and elegance of dress in order to emphasize my own bedraggled appearance.

Temptation To Rest

I was so weak after my long imprisonment that I was tempted at intervals to put the suitcases down and rest. But I resisted the temptation because I knew it would give my captors pleasure. I struggled on as best I could until we had rounded a bend and were lost to view from the Hungarian side of the frontier.

A green American car approached us and two men alighted. One of them was Arthur F. Towers, the American consul-general in Vienna; the other was Halvor O. Eckern, whom I had known as a major, and who was now one of Towers's vice-consuls. Eckern handed the tall Hungarian civilian a document stamped with the great seal of the United States and entwined with a yard of red tape. The Hungarian attempted to introduce himself, but Eckern turned his back and said to me: "Climb in. I'll put your suitcases in the car."

Towers and Eckern drove me to Vienna, where they delivered me to the door of our house in Max Emmanuel Street. My two sons, Bob and Bill, rushed out to greet me, followed by my wife, Lucile. THE END

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

by ***MARGERY ALLINGHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Geoffrey was in a tight spot. He was the only witness when the gang had murdered Duds—and now he was their prisoner

A MANHUNT WAS ON in fogbound London. Jack Havoc, a dangerous convict, had escaped from jail. Already, within a few hours of his getaway, five people had been found murdered.

Havoc had been jailed for robbery with violence. Duds Morrison, his accomplice, had already been released and, the day Havoc escaped, had been engaged, mysteriously, in preventing the marriage of a young society girl.

The girl was Meg Elginbrodde—cousin of Albert Campion, the criminologist—a beautiful war-widow of twenty-three who was engaged to Geoffrey Levett, a successful young business man. A few weeks before the wedding, Meg began to receive a series of London street photos, apparently of Martin Elginbrodde—the husband she thought to be dead. The sender suggested a meeting at a railway station.

Meg kept the appointment; so did Campion and Chief Inspector Charlie Luke—and they caught the man in the photos. It was Duds Morrison, masquerading as Elginbrodde with a false moustache. But for lack of evidence, Luke had to release him.

One hour later, Duds was found murdered.

The news was received by Campion and Luke at the Rectory in St. Petersgate Square, the home of Meg and her unworldly old father, Canon Avril. Apparently, Duds had been kicked to death. He was wearing a sports jacket identified by the old canon as one which had belonged to Martin Elginbrodde, and which had been kept, unused, at the Rectory. He promised to investigate its disappearance.

The last person reported seen with Duds had been a man whose description tallied with that of Geoffrey Levett, Meg's fiancé. But Levett had vanished as successfully as Havoc into the London fog. That afternoon, he had taken Meg in a cab to the station. There, promising to phone her later that day, he had left her.

PART 3

Geoffrey Levett

ON an impulse, Geoffrey Levett had paid off the cab and had followed Meg at a distance. He wanted to see for himself the man who was threatening his happiness; but for a reason which he refused to pursue, he would

Mrs. Cash came straight to the point. "You wanted to see me about the jacket?" she said

Geoffrey sat hunched in the wheeled chair, trussed up, hardly able to breathe. Close about him moved the shadowy figures of the street band

rather have died than let her know it. The result was that, after the man had been caught, he found himself hanging about outside the dreary Crumb Street police station, like a boy outside a rival's window, terrified of being seen. He had no idea what was happening inside and was tortured not only by curiosity but by anxiety lest the business was not being handled intelligently. But above all he wanted to make sure for himself that Elginbrodde had not returned from the dead.

Therefore, by the time Duds stepped swiftly out of the police station and set off up the pavement, Geoffrey was in the mood for reckless action. He hurried after the man, hampered by passers-by, slipping upon the greasy stones, and caught up with him at last just as Duds himself was cornered by a woman with a load of parcels and driven up against the windows of a shop.

Geoffrey took him by the elbow. "Listen——"

The man made a futile effort to escape, found it hopeless, and began to whine. "You can't do this, you can't do this to me. I've been on the carpet all the afternoon and they've let me go. The rozzers have let me go."

The sound of the voice, the slang, the whole attitude of the man encouraged his captor. His grip tightened.

"Splendid. Now perhaps I can help you. I want to talk to you, anyway. Come on."

The bray of a street band, starting up not far behind them, seemed to devitalize Duds. He shuddered, struggled half-heartedly and gave in.

Geoffrey pushed him on down the street and into the doorway of the first hostelry they reached. The little bar parlour was deserted and dim with fog, and the noise in it was considerable. A radio was relaying a noisy adventure play on the other side of the glass screen which divided the room from the saloon next door; the woman behind the bar was talking relentlessly to someone who was presumably listening to her; and from the street the cacophony of the band came ever nearer.

GEOFFREY fixed the stranger's dull black eyes with his own. "Listen to me," he said distinctly. "Get it well into your head from the outset. This may be worth your while."

It was an approach which he had used with varying degrees of subtlety to a great many people in his time, and had seldom known it to fail. He noted the flicker of interest, faint but unmistakable, with rising satisfaction. The tenseness slackened in the arm he held and the stranger stood more firmly on his heels.

As the talking woman moved along the bar towards them, Geoffrey gave her an order hurriedly. She served them without wavering for a moment in her harangue to the unseen radio listener. Levett drew out his wallet and pencil, still keeping an eye on his captive, who watched him with the apprehension of the cornered.

By now the street band was immediately outside the door and the noise was so great they could not hear themselves speak. Levett scribbled on the back of an envelope and handed it to Duds, who took it dubiously and read it. When he raised his eyes, Levett had taken a treasury note from his case and appeared to be studying it. After a while, he looked up.

Duds remained interested, and after a further pause, Geoffrey handed him the money. The band passed by.

"The rest when you come to see me."

Duds regarded him sulkily. "What do you want?"

"Only the story."

"Newspaper?" All his terror had returned and he made a movement towards the door, but there something seemed to check him, although there was nothing to see. He glanced back uncertainly. Geoffrey was shaking his head violently. The abominable band had returned, and until it repassed the door, he was forced to be silent.

"No," he said, when speech was at last possible. "Nothing like that. It's purely for my own personal information. Surely you can understand that?"

To his astonishment, it was clear that Duds could not. There was greed in the pale face

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DIVORCE in Britain today

The boy who stole to win his father's love. . . . The girl who aped her guilty mother. . . . The woman who made her daughter hate all men. . . . Examining divorce case histories for this report, Don Everitt found ample proof of . . .

How broken homes wreck children's lives

IN ROUGHLY HALF of the 250,000 divorces in Britain since the war, children have been semi-orphaned. Allowing for the further 100,000 couples separated in the lower courts and also for those with more than one child, something like 350,000 children have lost the security of a happy home in the last six years. Furthermore, since most break-ups occur within the first ten years of marriage, the great majority of those children have been under teenage—at a vital stage in their emotional development.

Children are rarely given much attention in the turbulence of a marriage break-up and legal proceedings. Amid the ballyhoo of divorce, they get little more than a passing mention—"Custody was granted to. . . ." Yet the effects on the children are one of the gravest social problems connected with the high divorce rate.

During the past few years several surveys have shown that broken homes far more often produce problem children than do happy homes. One intensive study in an English town showed that children of broken homes are three times more likely to get into trouble with the law than other children. The head of a provincial social service organization says that more than forty per cent of his juvenile delinquents come from broken homes. And even though many people doubt the psycho-analyst's explanations that adult delinquency, alcoholism and other forms of neurosis result from childhood experiences, it is significant that all have been increasing during the last three or four decades—at the same time as divorce and separation.

American investigators have gone further. The White House conference on Child Health and Protection found conclusively that broken homes gave children poorer personality adjustment, slacker moral habits and worse classroom behaviour. Two social psychologists found that children of divorce were markedly inferior at school to those whose parents were not divorced. In fact, there have been investigations to show that few fields of human behaviour and relationship exist where divorce does not have a bad effect.

The Rejected Child

Case histories examined for this report have borne out nearly all of these findings. They have shown particularly that the broken home can lead to delinquency in boys, mental ill-health, sexual delinquency in girls, perversions, other forms of maladjustment such as inferiority and, ironically, to divorce when the children marry.

The paramount reasons for these appalling effects is that, just as divorce entails the rejection of a husband or wife, so it entails for the child rejection by one of its parents. As one psychologist observes: "Few men and women realize that what they do to each other, they do to their children, only in different ways. Most of all, the child needs security, reassurance and the warmth of affection and peace which both his parents are intended to give him. If he is rejected he cannot properly understand it. Very likely, his imagination convinces him that the rejection is directed against him, that he is to blame for it. He suffers severe emotional shock."

This shock can react in several ways, simple and complex. One rainy evening not long ago a country policeman found an eleven-year-old boy lying exhausted on the side of a main road. A bicycle lay beside him. When the constable asked him what he was doing, the boy said: "I'm going to Birmingham to see my dad." As he still had thirty-odd miles to go and it was getting dark, the constable took him to the police station.

There the boy broke down and said he had stolen the cycle: he had seen it several times on the way to school and had taken it on an impulse. He had no idea where his father lived in Birmingham. It turned out that six months earlier his parents had been divorced. Now, by the most drastic means he could think of—committing crime—he was trying to force his father to give him the attention which he so desperately needed.

At the other extreme is the complicated case which began with a mother taking her boy to stay with relatives for a few days. A day or two after she had gone, her husband welcomed his brother's wife into the household, and when his real wife heard of this she did not return. Immediately, the husband, with some queer idea of "doing what was right," fetched his son back.

Here, the boy almost felt a double rejection, for his mother made no further move and his father took no more notice of him. He began to play truant, tell lies and disobey. At a probation officer's suggestion he went to work on a farm when he left school. He liked the work—until his letters to his father were ignored. Then he began to pilfer. At his next farm the continued lack of parental response induced fresh delinquency: cruelty to animals. By now, he was antagonistic to the world at large.

Some time after he had been in an approved school his mother sought him out again and genuinely tried to re-establish their relationship. She was liberal with parcels. He spent his leaves with her. It was arranged that he should live with her on licence. But the need for his father's affection was still strong, and he could not bring himself to realize that his mother meant what she was doing. Tears came into the boy's eyes, as they had always done, at the mention of his father. Once back with his mother he developed several ways of being a nuisance. Unconsciously, he had to keep testing the strength of her affection. Eventually, as her patience waned, he began to steal again.

Hostile To Authority

Despite the effects of rejection, there are many broken homes where the children never run foul of the law. Because of this, many people deny the ill-effect of the broken home. The psychologist's main answer is that every "social delinquent" does not commit offences. For instance, in a study of eccentrics, rejection was the outstanding finding. Psycho-analysts interpret the eccentric's behaviour as hostility or counter-rejection aimed at the father, who represented authority in his childhood. As an adult, he redirects his hostility towards "the powers that be"—social conventions, Parliament and so on. Types and degrees of social delinquency are extremely varied.

Nevertheless, it is true that some children of divorce do get through their semi-orphanage satisfactorily. Here, the answer is that the remaining parent, and perhaps a step-parent, have been able to fulfil the child's emotional needs. Such cases are infrequent, in psychiatric opinion, because divorce itself is very rarely a one-sided affair; that is to say, the emotional faults are generally evenly shared between husband and wife. Often, after a divorce, the parent who has the custody turns more of his or her faults on to the child. Furthermore, to quote Dr. D. H. Stott, a psychologist who studied boys from approved schools for four years, "the parent who deserts the home is not always the worse offender." And he adds: "Where the child is wrenched away from the preferred parent"—which is by no means uncommon—"trouble seems almost certain to ensue."

From this, it is obvious that rejection is almost invariably combined with at least one other factor. This was perfectly illustrated by a

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ONE IN TEN FAILS . . .

BRITAIN'S divorce rate today is ten times what it was fifteen years ago. Within the last six to seven years, about 350,000 marriages have been ended by the courts—one marriage out of every ten contracted.

Don Everitt was commissioned by JOHN BULL to make a three-part survey of the causes of this grave increase. He spent many months examining the case histories of divorcees, and sought the help of leading marriage guidance experts.

In his two previous articles he described how money, housing shortages, in-laws and emotional incompatibility affect marriages.

THE GIRL FROM NORWAY

by ***JOHN DAVIES***

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

I fell for her the day we met, but she was Bill's girl. A thing like that is difficult in a family

THE REST OF THE FAMILY never did get to know what the trouble was. I don't think even the old lady did. It wasn't any of our business, and if Bill didn't want to tell anybody, that was that. But it was a row and a half, and no mistake. Bill is a man and a half, by anyone's measure. And Helga is a match for him, in every sense of the world.

Anyway, the upshot of it was that Helga, all ice and fire, like an Arctic summer day, went back home after giving Bill pretty plainly to understand that if he still wanted her he'd have to get right down on those outsize knees of his; while Bill, with his jaw stuck out, made it more than clear that it would be a rare day indeed when he went chasing a woman on an errand like that, even the woman he loved. . . .

Bill is my brother, skipper of the *Dawn Wave*. I'm the mate. And Helga is, or was, Helga Björnson, the Norwegian girl Bill and I first met during the war, when she was still a kid, and whom Bill fell in love with when she came over to stay with us some years later. (I beat him to it and fell in love with her the first moment I set eyes on her, but that is neither here nor there.)

We got to know the Björnsons during the war. As a matter of fact we brought them across to England. During the war years the old *Wave* did a few other things besides fishing. For example, she was over at Dunkirk. Dad was still skipper of her in those days, but Bill and I were aboard and got our share of what was going.

A little after Dunkirk, we were sent across to pick up a bunch of people off the Norwegian coast. I can remember as if it was yesterday the morning Dad got his orders for that trip. He'd had a message asking him to call at the naval offices, and when he came down to the boat again he was grinning all over his ugly mug.

"Well, me lucky lads," he said, "we're in the passenger trade again."

He was a proper old fire-eater—he still is, come to that—and that sort of lark was meat and drink to him.

We got over there, all right, and took the little crowd off, just about a yard ahead of the Nazis. Among them were the Björnsons—mother and father, a son of about eighteen, and Helga. She must have been about fourteen then. I shall never forget seeing her standing there so straight and free and fearless on the old *Wave's* deck. She smiled at me and came across, holding out her hand. I was only a kid, myself, but I fell in love with her then and there, and it was the real thing.

Well, we brought them over to England, and the Björnsons came and stayed with us. Helga and her mother were with us the rest of the war. Young Knut Björnson shot off and joined the Norwegian Navy in England, and "old" Knut, the father, whom we'd pretty well had to drag off the rocks in the first place, was soon back in his own country playing tag with the jackboots again.

The war went on, and by the time I was nineteen I was completely crazy about Helga. I could hardly think of anything else during the long trawling hours. I used to dream that one day I would come sailing home to marry her. The others, the old lady and Dad and Bill and Mrs. Björnson, couldn't help having some idea how I felt. It isn't easy to hide that sort of thing, not when you're nineteen and it's hit you for the first time. And now and again Bill would tease me about it. He was only having a friendly bit of fun, and he couldn't know how it hurt.

"What's the matter, young 'un?" he'd say. "She's a pretty kid. Nice, too. Why don't you get steaming?"

Of course he was as blind as a bat. Everybody else could see that Helga was just as crazy about him as I was about her. Of course, she was a bit young for him then, and also he didn't see any more of her than I did. Less, in a way; he didn't dream about her.

Once the war was over, Helga and her mother went back home, and that was the last we saw of them for a long while. We heard, of course; they wrote telling us about their reunion with old Knut, and about young Knut's coming home, and about how things were and everything, and saying how much they were looking forward to coming over and paying us a visit as soon as they could. Helga wrote the letters, and she always underlined the bits about coming to see us again—and I reckon everybody except Bill knew whom she meant by "us."

They came over again three years later. I shall never forget meeting Helga that time either. She was nearly twenty, she was a woman, and everything about her took my breath away.

WE had a grand time for a bit. Dad had more or less retired by this time, and Bill had become skipper of the *Wave*, while I'd moved up to mate. We were still hard at it, fishing, of course, but it so happened that we got in just as the Björnsons arrived, and so we were able to spend a clear week with them.

It was during this week that it happened. To tell the truth, I think Helga was the only girl for Bill, whether he'd known it or not. They were made for each other—I'd be the last to

I opened the door and stid t

deny it—and he knew it now. It seemed to hi him all of a sudden—and I knew it was no goo even dreaming any more.

Then we were off again. It was the end o June, and that meant Bear Island. We said goodbye to Mr. and Mrs. Björnson and young Knut before we sailed because they would b gone by the time we got back. We didn't hav to say goodbye to Helga, not in the same way She was staying on indefinitely.

It was when we came back from that tri that they got engaged. And that should hav been that. Everything seemed plain sailing fo them. And so it was, too, for six months o more. During that time Bill and Helga wer the happiest couple in the world. Then cam the row. . . .

They certainly did the thing properly. They' fixed up at Christmas to get married in Apri and it wasn't until about a month before th

ere, hardly able to believe my senses. Bill was bawling at the top of his voice; Helga was shouting back at him. They were saying bitter, hurtful things

wedding when everything was arranged and the Björnsons had their steamer tickets to come over, that they had this bust-up. It happened the day after the *Wave* got in from her last trip of the season to the Norwegian Deeps. I remember I'd just come into the house and heard voices raised. The row was coming from the living room. I opened the door, and stood there, hardly able to believe my senses. Bill was bawling at the top of his voice, Helga was shouting back at him. They were saying bitter, hurtful things.

The result of it was that Helga flew home, while we, almost before we could think about it, were off up to Iceland after cod.

I would never have believed a man could change so much as Bill did then. He's a great bear of a man, as tough as they come, but I'd never before known him hard to get along with. He was now. You couldn't say a word to him about what had happened. I tried the night before we left harbour. We were up on the bridge together and the lads were standing by to cast off.

"Look, Bill," I said awkwardly. "Why don't you skip this trip? I can take her, and we can manage one short."

"What for?" Bill asked, and he sounded pretty grim.

"What for?" I said. "Why, so that you can go and get Helga. Go on—get a plane, go and say you're sorry, or anything! Only *do* something! You can't just let her go like that!"

He didn't answer at once, and I thought he was thinking it over. But then he said, savagely, bitterly:

"Why don't *you* go? You're keen enough on her, aren't you?"

I don't think he knew what he was saying. I very nearly hit him, but somehow I held on to myself. All that trip we were as sore as a couple of sea boils with each other.

That Iceland spell wasn't funny. The weather was bad enough, but Bill was worse. He'd got to take it out on something or somebody, and, of course, it was his boat and his crew that came in for it. And he certainly made a job of it. He was a proper devil. He had that jaw of his stuck out all the time, and he drove the *Wave* and everybody aboard, including himself, to the limit and maybe a bit beyond it.

To start with, we went punching up north as though we were after the blue riband or something, and when we got there it was down trawl, up trawl, down trawl, up trawl, in half a gale or worse most of the time, with scarcely a chance to draw a quiet breath or straighten our backs. We worked spells of up to sixty hours without a break, and ended up staggering and half asleep on our feet. The lads stuck it

because they'd worked for us for a long time, but there was plenty of grousing. And finally we came punching home, with more fish crammed into the old *Wave* than she'd ever had in her before. It meant a nice cut for all of us, but we were too dead beat to care.

Bill was quiet when we got back, but where Helga was concerned he was still as pig-headed as ever. All he would say was that Helga was the one that had gone away, that she could come back if she liked, and that if she didn't like, that was the end of it.

Dad and the old lady were very upset about it all. And so, by their letters, which we got now from Helga's mother, were the Björnsons.

Bill continued to knock the living daylights out of himself, his crew and his boat. We pulled in terrific catches, and we all looked like being millionaires, if we lived long enough.

Then we were back in the Norwegian Deeps, by which time pretty well a year had gone by since the bust-up, and I was trying to give up thinking about it. It looked as hopeless as it was daft.

YOU go after haddock in the Deeps. We pulled them in all right, that first trip. But the second trip was different. For some reason we went after flatfish. And the only thing wrong with fishing for flats over there is that you only get them in Norwegian territorial waters. . . .

The crew just couldn't see what the game was. Poaching's a mug's game at the best of times, and it certainly is in Norwegian waters. The Norwegian fishery-protection service is pretty smart.

The way we did it, too! We didn't just nip in under cover of darkness, a quick nip in and out again. Oh no! We went in in broad daylight and stayed there, as bold as brass. It got me and the lads properly beat.

All the same, by a miracle we got away with it that first time. But Bill didn't seem to have got any sort of kick out of what he'd done. If anything, he was gloomier than ever.

On the third trip, Dad came with us. He was still coming along occasionally, and I think he came this time because he'd guessed from the sort of catch we'd just landed that something funny was going on, and wanted to find out what it was.

I was pretty sure that with the old man aboard Bill would lay off the poaching. But he didn't. As soon as we got over there we were up to the same old game. This time we crossed the limit during the night, and by dawn we were close inshore in the same place as before. Dad didn't know anything about it until he came out on deck that morning. And when he *did* see where we were, he got after Bill straight away.

"What's the idea, son?" he asked, very sharp. "We're inside the limit."

"Well?" said Bill. "What of it?"

"What of it?" Dad just repeated the words. He looked around at the gear ready to go over, and the lads standing by. And then he blew his top. "You young fool!" he burst out angrily. "What d'you think you're up to? Get out of it, for God's sake! Go on—get out of it, quick!"

"Listen, Dad," Bill said, and his face was grimmer than I can tell you. "I'm skipper of this boat now. I'm the one that says where we'll fish."

And he gave the word for the gear to go.

WE got caught all right that time. We were caught good and proper, just about noon, with our pants—and our nets—down. Even when we sighted the protection vessel, Bill still went on fishing, as calm as you like. She came up and ordered us to get our gear in and follow her into harbour.

On the way in, I stood with Dad up in the bows. I felt sorry for him. As we went tugging along after the little vessel, he kept on saying, "What did he do it for? What did he want to do it for?"

I didn't know. I didn't know any more than he did. But then, after we'd been steaming about an hour, and the harbour we were making for lay just ahead, it suddenly hit me. I grabbed Dad's arm.

"Here!" I exclaimed. "Can't you see? Can't you see where we're going in?"

We were being taken to Stralsund. And Stralsund was where the Björnsons lived.

There isn't much more to tell. We steamed into the little port, and we were a bit of a sensation there. The news of what had happened had gone ahead of us, and there was quite a crowd on the quay.

Suddenly I saw Helga standing there. . . .

We came alongside, and, as we did so, Bill saw her, too. He moved out to the side of the bridge. For a moment those two just looked at each other. Then Bill was suddenly off the bridge. He leaped ashore, and all at once the only girl in the world was in his arms again.

The old so-and-so! I thought. He's come for her after all, but he's saved his face, too! He's saved that ugly mug of his. And if it's going to cost him a packet, there isn't much doubt he thinks it's worth it! I couldn't take my eyes off those two on the quay. Not until somebody took my arm.

It was Dad. He stood there beside me. He was looking at them, too.

"The cussed young devil!" he said. "The artful, cussed young devil."

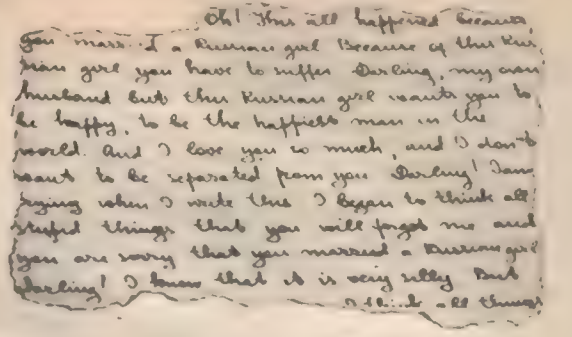
Then he gave my arm a little tug. "Come on, son," he said quietly. "Let's leave 'em to it."

We turned away. I saw the lads grinning at what was going on on the quay. They'd tumbled to it, too, now. We went below, and as we did so, Dad put an arm round my shoulders. I reckon he knew how I was feeling. THE END

Exclusive first publication

MY RUSSIAN WIFE'S HEARTBREAKING LETTERS

by William Rickitts


Oh! How all happiness because you marry a Russian girl because of that Russian girl you have to suffer Darling, my own husband but this Russian girl wants you to be happy, to be the happiest man in the world. And I love you so much, and I don't want to be separated from you Darling! I am crying when I write this I began to think all sinful things that you will forget me and you are sorry that you married a Russian girl Darling! I know that it is very silly But I think all things

William and Erenochka Rickitts

BEHIND the Soviet Government's refusal to grant exit visas to Russian girls who have married foreigners is a bitter, human story of anguished separation.

Such is the story of William Rickitts, former employee of the British Embassy in Moscow, and his wife Iraida Evgenievna, known to him tenderly as Erenochka.

Beginning in John Bull next week, their six years of hope and fear and helpless disillusion will be traced through the letters which Erenochka has written to her husband since he had to leave Moscow four months after their marriage.

Erenochka's letters, edited by her husband, are a moving document of our times. No one outside Russia knows what has happened to her. On the night of October 16 last year, as she left the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow, she was forced into a car and driven away.

Amid rumours, Rickitts waited for news from her. At last came a letter: "I am at home with my mother. . . . I feel quite different and you should not be afraid that something will happen to me."

But six years earlier she had written: "My only life rests in you. You are everything to me."

Now, published for the first time, her letters tell the story of what happened to her in between.

Make sure of reading them in . . .

JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

MIRACLE OF SUSAN PETERS

Continued from page 8

kept sending me scripts about crippled girls who were sweetness and light," she says, "which I kept turning down because that wasn't my type. Two years after my accident I gave up and broke my contract."

Shortly after cutting off her financial security in this manner she read a script that pleased her. In *The Sign of the Ram* a paralysed girl was a villainous character. Delighted, she made the picture. After that she went on the stage.

For two years she toured America in one-night and week-long stands, acting in her wheelchair in *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and *The Glass Menagerie*. Wherever she went people begged her to visit local hospital wards to see paralysed ex-Servicemen or to call on crippled members of their families. Susan always did so, and whenever she met paraplegics with emotional disturbances she handled them with old-fashioned horse sense.

In one city, for instance, Susan visited a recently paralysed woman whose family constantly talked of the sick woman's imminent death right in front of the invalid. Finally Susan said briskly: "I say you're *not* going to die—and I say you're coming to the theatre tonight to see me in my play. I'll send an ambulance for you. Goodbye!" The sick woman was duly carried into the theatre on a stretcher, saw Susan's performance and now takes an active part in her city's life.

In Philadelphia, Susan's weekdays have settled into a pattern. She is awake at 8 a.m. to see Timmy before he goes to kindergarten, and to get dressed for her ten-thirty arrival at the studios. Then Susan rehearses until 3 p.m., when the show is broadcast. From four to six she rehearses the following day's show. At six thirty she leaves for home and for dinner with Timmy. After that she goes to bed to study her next day's lines.

"She's always been both a loving and a strict mother to Timmy, wheelchair or no wheelchair," her friends say. "While she plays games with him by the hour, she still demands obedience."

Only once did Timmy threaten a revolt against her. This was on his nurse's weekly day off, when Susan was in full charge of him. When he was disobedient Susan told him, "That was very bad, Timmy. Bring me your comb for a spanking."

Timmy stared thoughtfully at her. "What could you do if I *didn't* get the comb?" he inquired. "You couldn't go up the stairs to get it."

Just as thoughtfully, Susan looked back at him. "But you *will* get it—so we haven't that problem to consider," she said. Timmy got the comb—and his punishment.

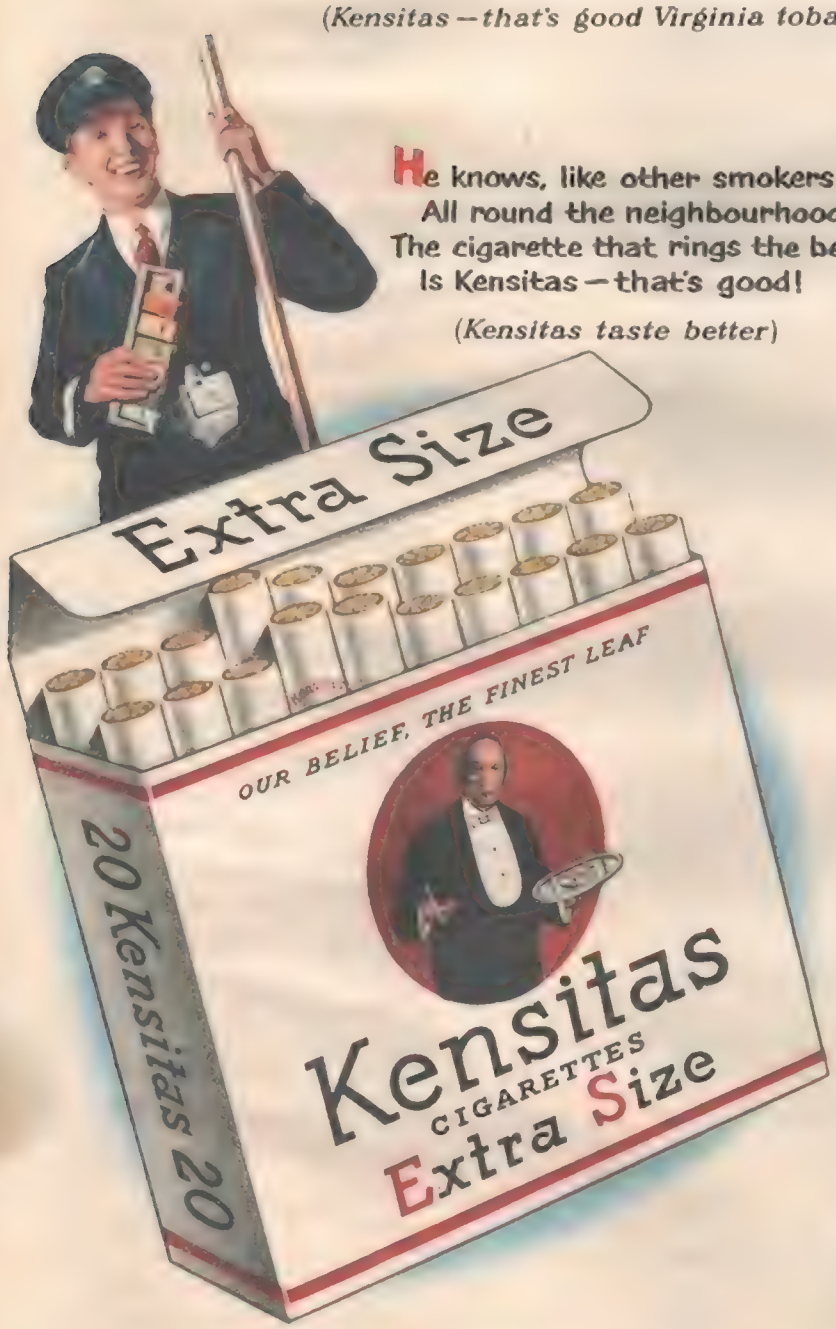
Susan has worked out a philosophy of life for herself. "Every one of us has a handicap of some sort. Those of us who can face the handicap are adjusted people," she says. "Immediately after my accident I faced the fact that I'd never walk again — and because I faced it squarely, I was able to defeat it and live a full and happy life."

She has plans for the future, too. "Some day, like the heroine on my television show, I'm going to be a woman lawyer," she says. "Every year I put aside money towards a seven-year legal course at Loyola University—and in due time I'll be practising business law." THE END

"Kensitas—that's Good!"

She dances in the spotlight
Where many stars have stood
And afterwards she chooses
A Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas—that's good Virginia tobacco)

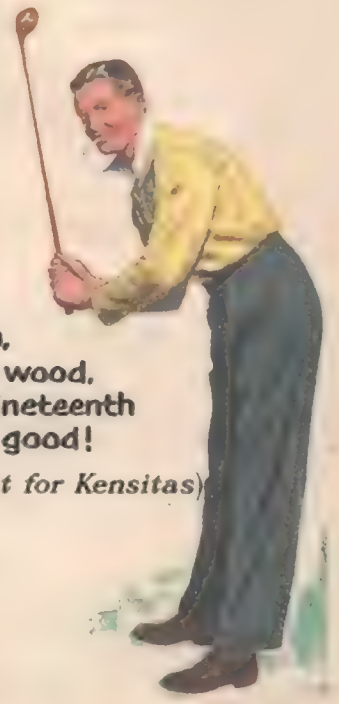


He knows, like other smokers
All round the neighbourhood,
The cigarette that rings the bell
Is Kensitas—that's good!

(Kensitas taste better)

His handicap is seven,
He's wizard with a wood,
His partner at the nineteenth
Is Kensitas—that's good!

(The best tobacco is bought for Kensitas)



MELLOW, GOOD-TASTING
FOR GOOD SMOKING

JB

KENSITAS — THAT'S GOOD VIRGINIA TOBACCO

Contradiction in Therms

IT ISN'T a good cooker when dirty burners are reducing heat and wasting gas . . . or when you delay cleaning the oven . . . and don't wash the grill! It isn't a good cooker when you use more gas to do the cooking than need be — *and it costs more, too!*

IT IS a good cooker when you keep the burners so clean they give full heat without waste . . . when you spend a few minutes wiping down the oven while it's still warm . . . or when you give the grill an occasional bath in hot soapy water! It is a good cooker when you make the most of the gas you burn — *and it costs less, too!*

IT ISN'T good cooking when you keep the vegetables boiling with the gas full on . . . when you forget to regulate the oven . . . or when you don't realise it's sheer waste to let the flames "flare up" round a saucepan. It isn't good cooking when you have to burn extra gas to get your cooking done—*and it all goes on the bill!*

IT IS good cooking when you turn down the gas as soon as the vegetables start to boil . . . when you adjust the gas so that the tip of the flame just touches the bottom of a pot or pan . . or when you use the oven-heat control properly. It is good cooking when you use gas sensibly — without wasting it — *and keep the gas bills down!*

Take care of your cooker — and use gas wisely — in your own and the Nation's interest.

GAS

ISSUED BY THE GAS COUNCIL

IT'S SO PEACEFUL IN THE WILD MEN'S LAND

Continued from page 9

do. The clouds were closing in more every day now. Soon the job would have to be turned in till next spring. For mapping Borneo from the air was a cloud-watching job. There were times when you couldn't get a picture for days on end. There were others when you had to be up there ready for the moment when the clouds might suddenly open. Briggs was used to it, and loved his work.

The emotions of his navigator, W. D. Meredith, were more complicated. He was up there in the Mosquito's translucent nose directing the pilot, with only a compass, his eyes and a faulty map to rely on, over swathe after swathe of anonymous jungle. In a country like Borneo the rivers were his only landmarks. Yet his lanes of pictures, each two miles wide, had to overlap accurately so that weeks later, somewhere in London, the specialists would be able to fit together an accurate map of Britain's newest colonial territories.

Already important results had been achieved. Complete blanks in the map had been filled with details. Rivers, previously charted from the jottings of district officers travelling in canoes with compass in one hand and watch in the other, had been shown to be miles out of place. Specialist geologists, studying the aerial pictures through stereoscopic lenses, had uncovered new clues to the island's mineral wealth.

The job had high priority. For the map would be the foundation of Britain's plans for her two newest colonies—lands which still stood at the beginning of that process of tutelage and evolution which had already reached its climax over much of South East Asia.

A Sultan's Reward

On July 15, 1946, the British Government had taken over North Borneo from the last of the great chartered companies which have played so large a part in the expansion of Britain. A fortnight earlier, Sir Charles Vyner Brooke, the third of the "White Rajas," had handed over to the Crown his kingdom of Sarawak, built up from the territory his great-uncle, James Brooke, had been given in 1841 by the Sultan of Brunei as reward for his aid in suppressing a rebellion.

In between the two new colonies, the Sultanate of Brunei still lingered on as a British Protectorate—and the rather pathetic remnant of a once great Borneo Empire. But now Brunei had a new sultan, an energetic young man with progressive ideas.

Thus, in 1952, British Borneo was catching up with history—in a hurry. The Wild Man from Borneo had at last acquired a future.

But all that was still largely on paper. Coming to Borneo, as I did, fresh from the embattled lands of South East Asia, the thing that impressed me was the quietude, the beauty, the deep continuous peace of the place. Here, alone in South East Asia, it seemed, beachcombing was still conceivable. For Borneo was different. In Borneo there *were* no politics. "Here," pronounced Roy Parsons, North Borneo's Information Officer, "we have Europeans, Chinese and natives—no nonsense about them not being called natives."

To all intents and purposes North Borneo is still little more than two coastal fringes—the rubber coast to the west, with Jesselton, the administrative capital, and the timber coast to the east, with Sandakan, the commercial capital.

No roads link the two North Borneos—scarcely any roads link anything at all. To go from one place to another often means days of travelling by launch along slowly rolling, broad rivers. There is, it is true, a quaint little railway that runs a hundred-odd miles along North Borneo's west coast (though no one seems to know when), sometimes manifesting itself as a railed jeep, and sometimes as a couple of "toast-rack" carriages.

I got into a jeep in Jesselton and travelled the twenty-odd miles to Tuaran near the end of the narrow metalled road out of the capital. They were very anxious to show me Tuaran because it was about the only town in the whole of North Borneo that had been rebuilt since the Australian Ninth (Tobruk) Division, softening up the Japs for their assault, had flattened every town from Sandakan on the east to Miri over the Sarawak border.

At Tuaran the market was in full swing. The shops in the town's newly rebuilt streets—as in so many places in South East Asia today—seemed full to overflowing with all sorts of goods. You would see more Ovaltine and Milo and similar delicacies in an hour in one of these "backward" villages than you would see in a week at home. Rubber was high and paddi was high and, from wharf coolie to cookboy, everyone was in the money.

Income On The Side

For in North Borneo, and in Sarawak especially, many people, whatever else they might do for a living, owned a little rubber on the side. Take Louis Chee, who showed me around. A Roman Catholic and a member of North Borneo's Chinese community, which owns all the shops and does nearly all the skilled and clerical work, Chee was chief clerk in the Tuaran district office. What was more important, for his old age, he also had a rubber smallholding.

But for Chee there was one large

NOW YOU KNOW

A NEWCOMER to gardening should watch his step when buying tools. Cheap equipment can prove dear. Stainless steel equipment, though initially more expensive, probably lasts longest. And mud and clay will not stick so easily to its surfaces.

The most common breakages among new tools are fork prongs. Too much pressure when they are lodged under a large stone or tough root—and bang goes the fork. This is a good reason for your *not* using your fork as a shooting stick in the middle of digging.

To be on the safe side, buy a fork of forged steel with a well-strapped handle.

cloud in a sky otherwise delightfully blue. He just could not get his rubber trees tapped. If the tappers condescended to come at all, they would first demand an advance of thirty dollars. Then, generally, they would disappear on the second day. The large estates fared only slightly better.

The labour just was not there. Whereas in other parts of South East Asia the population was pressing on the soil, North Borneo was an empty land. The size of Ireland, it had an estimated population of 351,000.

Thus the new roads crept forward at a snail's pace, and the old ones broke car axles. A deposit of coking coal, the only coking coal in four million square miles, seemed likely to go unexploited because, even with mechanization, it would need three or four thousand regular workers. A score of good plans—and a hundred brave dreams—were shattered on this one inescapable rock: no labour.

The Last Headhunters

Some Europeans went mad from frustration. Others congratulated themselves on their rare good fortune, waxed lyrical over the beauty and peace of their island, and sentimentalized over the "noble savage" who still survived there, like the improvident Muruts—the last of Borneo races to give up head-hunting—who get chronically drunk on a potent rice-wine called *tapai*. Their language, Murut fanciers will tell you, defines three stages of drunkenness and, built into the middle of their long-houses, they have a dancing platform of sprung bamboo, so that as the "dindang" (shindig) warms up, the dancers go whizzing up and down through the air for hours on end.

As far as appearances go, at least, the "Wild Man from Borneo" is still very much with us. There are now, it is true, places where the "Baju Twit" (tweed coat) and short, Western-cut hair are favoured by the younger men, but there are still many more where long, raven locks are done up in a bun—with a fearsome fringe at the front—and the most conspicuous item of dress is a series of tattoos that stretch from neck to toes in an intricate pattern of whorls and spirals and dragon's tails.

Tell-tale Tattoos

Both men and women wear these tattoos, and the designs are traditional from race to race. You can study some of them, reproduced on wooden arms and legs, in the museum at Kuching, Sarawak's capital: "Line pattern of the underside of the thigh of a woman of high class. . . ." "Line pattern of the underside of the thigh of a woman of low class."

With one Sarawak race, the designs are added to the women's bodies at the various successive stages of their lives—puberty, first sexual intercourse, marriage, first pregnancy—so that, meeting a girl, you are able, if you are up on your tattooing, to read her story at a glance.

Borneo, in fact, is one of the very few paradises still left to the romantic; one of the very few places where it is still possible to imagine oneself a boy again, sprawling on the carpet, wallowing in the flashing sandalwood-scented Technicolor chapters of R. M. Ballantyne.

For here is an island full of such satisfactory items as clouded leopards, man-size orang-outangs, scaly ant-eaters, flying snakes—they climb trees, then plane to earth in sinuous curves—and the rare rhinoceros, almost exterminated because the Chinese esteem its powdered horn and nails an excellent aphrodisiac.

Shutting our eyes for a moment to the deplorably prosaic rubber, the island's trade, too, is full of taugy *Boy's Own Paper* items like gutta percha and jelutong for chewing gum, turtle eggs, sharks' fins, crushed pearls, armadillo scales, beeswax, bezoar stones from the intestines of monkeys, and black-and-white swiftlets' nests, much valued for the dried saliva which imparts the delicate flavour to birds-nest soup.

The strange archaic charm of Borneo is not the result of an accident, but of an entirely deliberate policy. "Keep out the ogre, civilization!" cried the first of the rajas, James Brooke, as he took over his Sarawak kingdom—and his successors faithfully continued in his path.

Financiers, company promoters, prospectors, soldiers of fortune would cruise for days off the coast and then have to return again without ever having been permitted so much as to set foot in Kuching. Even the missionaries were not permitted to penetrate beyond the coast.

Now the White Rajas are gone for ever. But the spirit of the Brookes can still be felt. For whereas in Europe and America the White Rajas were principally known for the much-headlined marital affairs of their daughters, married to dance-band leaders and wrestlers, at home in Sarawak itself they were loved and respected for the century of devoted service in which they replaced head-hunting and piracy and corruption and chaos with British order and prosperity.

A Coolie's Right

Not unaware of the strength of these loyalties, the Colonial Office, taking over in 1946, tactfully set out to preserve many of the Brooke traditions. Here, perhaps alone in the Colonial Empire, the most obscure coolie can demand to see the Governor and—if he persists—get in.

Nevertheless, change, which has come so sweepingly—and sometimes catastrophically—to the rest of South East Asia, has not entirely passed Borneo by. No roads? In North Borneo a feeder air service, half Government owned, half commercial, is just coming into being, linking six interior "towns" to the main air network. The R.A.F. on Labuan, in addition to mapping Borneo, undertakes regular supply-drop runs, parachuting food and cement and aluminium sheeting and barbed wire.

In Jesselton, Richard Stephens, the new Postmaster-General, a telecommunications specialist from Africa, has already selected the site for North Borneo's first radio station. In Sarawak, a fleet of floating dispensaries, financed out of Britain's Colonial Development and Welfare Fund, carry the blessings of Western medicine up vast rivers, far into the interior.

Passion For Study

Two per cent literacy? Everywhere, though their shortcomings are still great, schools are multiplying. The thirst for knowledge is impressive. The learning of English—which opens the window on the world—becomes a passion.

In the vast, little-known interior of Borneo in 1952 there live many races—some of them as intelligent and virile as any to be found in South East Asia—whom the world does not yet know and who do not know the world. But the seed has been planted. The germination has begun. Before another decade is out the Wild Man from Borneo is going to appear in a surprising new rôle.

NEXT WEEK: I travel up river and meet the jungle tribes

"You and your three-and-a-quarter-minute egg!"

ON THE RUN

Continued from page 11

to beat the two pursuers by such a margin that he must put himself out of sight of them before he landed up in Coniston.

His legs flying, his chest heaving, he topped the ridge. He ran at full tilt, his studded boots thudding on rock and turf. Two girls panting up with rucksacks on their backs gave him quick, startled glances. He streaked past them, and a full five minutes went by before he heard shouting from the top. Likely the two hikers were shouting to the girls. He ventured a glance over his shoulder, but the curve of the fell hid the view above.

His breath a high whine, the sweat pouring out of him, he raced on down. He felt sick, a little dizzy. There was a sapless sensation in his ankles and the backs of his legs. A slime like thin clay coated his tongue and the back of his throat.

In near sight of the main street through Coniston, he dropped to a walk. His racked breathing strove to adjust itself to a slower rhythm. He wiped the sweat out of his eyes and out of his hair. He had got to be one of the hundreds of ordinary hikers that passed through the place.

He took a glance back. High on the track, the two figures in windjackets and shorts were descending rapidly. They would be in Coniston in six or seven minutes, at that rate.

For the first time he felt afraid, horribly afraid. It was all he could do to force himself to walk on, into the main street. People were dawdling along. Two women were standing, baskets on their arms, chatting. A child was sucking an ice. Some hostelers were making their choice at a stand of postcards. A shopkeeper in a doorway glanced at him, and he wanted to turn his head away, wanted to take to his heels. He would never get free of this damn place. They would get him. He was chokingly certain of it. In two or three minutes.

Right ahead of him stood a motor coach, nearly full. A board was propped against the front of it. The board said: *BLACKPOOL ILLUMINATIONS. Return Fare 13/6. Leaving 3.45.*

He glanced at his watch. It was almost 3.45. He hesitated, fought with himself, dared to go up to the driver, who was leaning with his back to the bonnet and smoking a cigarette.

He said: "Yon a private coach?"

"Ay. But there's one seat vacant if you want to do the trip." He jerked his thumb towards two pairs of empty seats. "I'm pickin' up three at Torver."

Ted groped in his pocket. The driver said: "Pay t'other end. Hop in. We're just off."

He got in, wandered to one of the empty seats and sat down, his rucksack on his lap. It seemed to him that the rest of the passengers were bound to hear the beating of his heart. His eyes stared along the street, flinching from the expected sight of the two hikers. His hands clenched in an agony of impatience. He had to stifle a wild craving to shout: "For God's sake, start!"

The driver got in. The engine purred. The coach swung smoothly outwards, negotiating the narrowness. They were out of Coniston, and purring along the sinuous, walled road. The ache in his chest had given place to a relaxed limpness.

The coach stopped at Torver. He resented the loss of a minute, picturing a black police car streaking up and heading them off. He sat with his head on his chest, and heard the footsteps of the three passengers clumping aboard.

A short, fat man plumped down at his side and at once began to scan a newspaper. Then the passengers for the pair of seats in front passed across Ted's vision. The first was a small boy about six. He had a toy kite in his hands, a home-made affair of canvas and crossed sticks bound together with copper wire, the trailing end of which served as the kite-string. The other passenger was a man in a grey flannel suit. Ted had a glimpse of his face, and that glimpse almost stopped his heart beating. It was Gainford, the Iredale Green policeman.

THE coach started. Ted ran his tongue over his lips. In a little while Gainford was bound to swivel round, and that would be the end.

Gainford was talking to the man in front of him. Evidently they knew each other. The crisis of panic in Ted simmered down to a kind of bleak fatalism. It must be Gainford's half-day off. He had a sister at Torvor. The kid would be her son, Gainford's nephew. He was taking him to see the lights of Blackpool. But long before that he would be taking Ted Blake into a police station.

Ted's fat neighbour said: "Care for it?" and held up the newspaper.

Ted nodded his thanks, spread the paper wide, and held it well up in front of his face, as if he were short-sighted. His eyes were too blurred

"Yes—I know you can make the floor and furniture lovely again with a rub of 'Mansion' but you'll be breaking the window so just you take the ball into the garden, right now."

For dark floors use DARK MANSION

Tins 10d., 1/6 and 3/9

Paraffin Users!

KEEP YOUR LAMPS AND HEATERS IN THE Pink!

- Better Light
- No Smell
- Longer Life of Wick
- Freedom from Char and Smoke
- Less Trimming

ASK FOR PINK PARAFFIN it's Aladdin the best

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to read. In any case, his raw, fermenting mind could never have absorbed the meaning of the print. Once he allowed the corner of his eye to peep over the edge of the paper. Gainford was looking round in an idle, contented fashion.

The motor coach droned on rhythmically towards the southern fringes of Lakeland. Gainford was talking to his friend again. The small boy had one hand out of the window, catching the draught. That must have inspired him to his next game. He edged the kite out of the window, and held it flying backwards on a foot or so of the wire. Ted saw the small face puckered up with the novelty of it.

The coach was passing through that stretch of country where there had been such an outcry three years previously against the bringing of electricity into rural loveliness. Opponents of it had clamoured for the cable to be put underground. Against that had been the heavy cost. In the end, it had been run along poles by the side of the road. The small boy began to count the poles aloud, obviously proud of his counting ability.

Ted grinned faintly. A fine little chap. But for Walton, in due time he and Elsie might have had a youngster like that.

With the newspaper still shielding his face, he was beginning to juggle with the slender hope that perhaps, by some miracle of luck, he might avoid being recognized by Gainford. As long as he held the newspaper well up. . . .

Outside, it had started to drizzle, a warm, thin moisture, scarcely more than mist.

"Hope it fairs up before Blackpool," said his stout neighbour.

The small boy had tired of counting poles. He was playing with the kite again, letting it out on a longer wire. It was sailing at a backward angle, bobbing and swaying. He paid out more inches of the copper thread, his snub nose wrinkling excitedly, until the kite was flying above the flanking hedge and nearly flicking the passing poles.

A sudden sweat broke out over Ted's cooling forehead. That copper thread attached to the kite was wet. If it touched those wires—if it touched those wires. . . .

That fool Gainford, why didn't he keep an eye on the kid, instead of gossiping? Why didn't he turn his head, and see the danger, and pull the kite in? One touch of it against the cable, and the current would flash down, and the youngster would. . . .

CROUCHING behind the paper, Ted battled with himself. He couldn't let it happen. He couldn't. But if he made the slightest move to do anything about it, Gainford would look round, and it would be all up with him.

His thick fingers tightened on the edges of the newspaper. Why should he lose his one chance for the sake of a kid, Gainford's nephew at that?

He watched the kite flicking within inches of the cable. The boy was chuckling to himself at the thrill of it. Ted had enough imagination to picture the sudden flash, the sudden convulsion.

It was too much for him. His voice rose hoarsely.

"Look out!"

Gainford swung round. Recognition gleamed in his eyes. At the same time he saw the kite brushing towards the cable, and made a wild grab to pull it in. He was a split second too late. His queer gasp, the stricken slump of his shoulders, the flash and sizzle and crack, the frightened yelp of the boy, all coincided.

Several passengers shouted. The driver heard, and stopped the coach, and came round to the doorway. Men were gathering round the lolling Gainford. The boy was crying. Ted waited with a dull and bitter resignation. If he ran for it, he could not get far. The game was up.

"What's the matter?" demanded the driver, coming along the gangway.

Ted's stout neighbour, who was trying to comfort the boy, explained. The driver leaned over Gainford. "How are you feelin', chum, eh?"

Gainford's eyes looked up at him blankly. They looked around at the other passengers blankly. They looked at Ted blankly.

The driver said: "We'll have to do summat about this. A gey bad shock, I'll bet." He turned back to Gainford. "What's your name, chum, an' where d'you live?"

Gainford's head shook. His eyes remained blank, as though the driver's words had been meaningless.

Somebody said: "Shock's taken away his memory. I've heard tell o' that before. Like a bat on the head, it is. A brother o' mine fell on crags, an' never remembered nowt about it afterwards."

"Well," said the driver, "there's a doctor's house a mile farther on. We'll leave him an' the kid there. We can't do any more. We must get on to Blackpool."

THE sympathy of everyone was with Ted; it seemed he needed it. As it happened, he didn't. The police got him all right—but not before he had managed to sign himself on a foreign ship in Liverpool, as he had planned—and he found himself in court at the adjourned inquest on Walton. He had expected that the evidence of the bird-watcher would damn him. In fact, it was his salvation. The bird-watcher, a neat little chap from Lancaster, had, quite unknown to Ted, been filming the startled wheeling of a curlew, put up by Walton's incautious ascent up the fell. His film, hastily developed, showed the whole incident. There could be no doubt as to what had happened.

There could be no doubt, either, as to what would happen to Ted after his acquittal. One of the papers had printed the story, together with a picture of Elsie Marsh—old Eb Marsh had been only too delighted to part up with the story after a reporter had filled him with beer. She had found herself a job in London. Did she want to hear from Ted again, the reporter had asked her. That, said Elsie in the caption below the photograph, depended on Ted. THE END

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Easy does it

EMOTION is energy. Don't waste it. It's silly to get angry over trifles, and foolish to get over-enthusiastic about matters of small importance.

You can't live at full stretch all the time. If you try, you'll inevitably suffer from reaction and lose the pleasure your enthusiasms have produced. Every athlete knows the importance of relaxing after strain. It's as vital for minds as for bodies.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

TIGER IN THE SMOKE

Continued from page 16

fighting a losing battle with fear, but no comprehension whatever. Geoffrey was bewildered. As far as he could see, his name, which he had written clearly on the envelope, had not registered on the stranger at all. He took hold of the coat sleeve once more.

"Who employs you?" His anxiety made him over-eager, and he saw the white face grow wooden.

"No one. I'm unemployed. I told the rozzers so."

"I don't mean that. I only want to know one thing, and make no mistake, I'll pay for it. Who instructed you to get your photograph taken in the street?"

The man's leap for freedom took him by surprise. Duds jerked his sleeve out of his grip and flung himself at the frosted glass panel of the swing-door as if he were pitching himself into water. A draught of freezing air broke over the parlour like a shower of spray. Geoffrey slammed down a ten-shilling note and shot after him, leaving the woman behind the bar gaping, too astonished, for once, to speak.

He was on Duds's heels, but the street had darkened considerably since the shops had put up their shutters and for a second he thought he had lost him in the fog. But almost at once he reappeared, running back, this time almost into his arms. Geoffrey stepped forward but Duds saw him in time and swerved, darting into an unsuspected opening between the houses.

It did not dawn upon Geoffrey that some other enemy must have turned upon his quarry. He merely saw his man and went blindly after him into the alley.

The noise behind him did not register on his mind for several seconds. He was closing on Duds, who had slowed as the path turned, and his hands were within inches of his coat before he became aware that they were both being overtaken. A rush of lightly shod feet, accompanied by the heavy chink of something which sounded like harness, bore down upon them both, and an instant later a violent blow on his shoulder sent him reeling past Duds and against the wall.

Then a tide of men swept over the two of them, pinning them close in the dark. At first there were no voices, no words, only heavy breathing, the slither of soft feet on the stones, and once more the chink of metal.

Very close to his shoulder, Duds whimpered. It was a shred of sound, high with fear.

"Where's the Gaffer, Duds?"

It seemed to Geoffrey, spread-eagled against the wall, that the inquiry came from many lips. Urgency was there, and menace, but they were muted, controlled, kept just under the surface. "Where's the Gaffer? Where's the Gaffer?"

"Inside." The word arrived explosively. "Parkhurst. Been there years."

"Liar. You always was a liar, Duds." The blow which followed the statement passed so close to Geoffrey's own face that he felt its wind, and the sound it made as it touched flesh made his own wince.

He felt Duds sliding down slowly at his side. He struggled to get an arm up to shield his head, but at that moment the crowd yielded to pressure from behind as Army boots thudded down the passage. Geoffrey was carried forward some yards away from the figure on the ground. Panic swept over him and he struck out, swearing savagely and loudly in the darkness. Instantly he was seized and lifted bodily off his feet. A hand found his mouth, almost dragging his chin from his face, and something hard and round hit him above the ear, so that blackness denser than the fog descended upon him, and he fell.

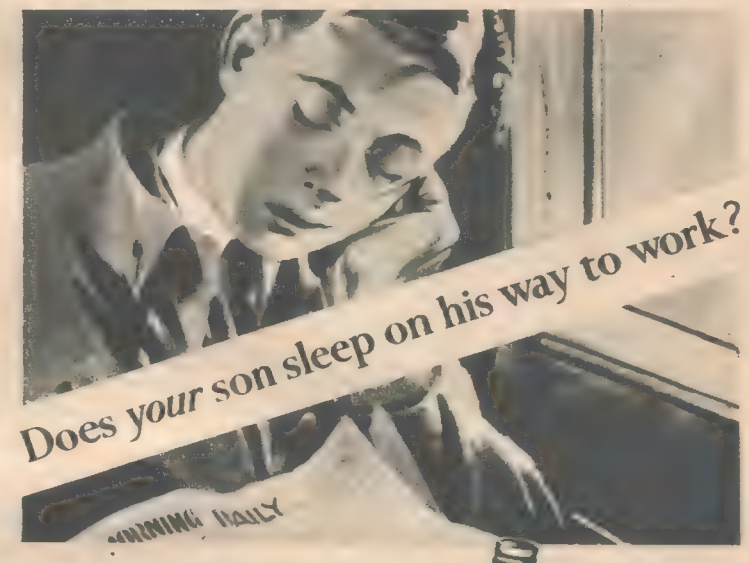
His first conscious thought was that even for a nightmare it was extraordinarily cold and uncomfortable, and the noise was incredible. Soon he realized that he was awake, but in such an astonishing position that he doubted his sanity.

He was wedged tightly into a little wheeled chair, midway between an invalid carriage and a child's go-cart, his arms pinioned to his sides under an old khaki mackintosh fastened behind him, and his cramped legs drawn up and strapped to the undercarriage of the chair. His mouth was sealed with a strip of adhesive plaster, which irritated abominably and paralysed the lower part of his face. He was wearing a knitted balaclava helmet which covered his entire head save his eyes, and he was being wheeled swiftly along a foggy gutter in the midst of a rabble of marching men, who kept time to the thin music of a mouth-organ.

There were ten or a dozen of them, drab, shadowy figures who kept very close to him, shielding him with their bodies from passers-by, who could scarcely see their own hands in front of their faces in the fog.

From where Geoffrey sat, very close to the ground, they towered above him. They seemed to move with surprising freedom and lightness. The only heavy feet were those which stamped immediately behind his chair. The rest padded softly round him in the lamplit gloom, their clothes whispering and rustling in his ear.

The man directly in front of him was leading the way. He was tall and made monstrously so by the fact that on his shoulders he carried a dwarf, a small man whose normal conveyance was no doubt the wheeled chair now occupied by the



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prisoner. It was the dwarf who played the mouth-organ. Geoffrey could see his small elbows moving in an ecstasy of excitement and pleasure. It was the band, the abominable band that had haunted him all through his nervous vigil outside the police station, pestering him with offhand importunities. But he saw now that it must have been his own quarry, the man in the sports jacket, for whom they had been waiting. They had certainly found him, but what they had done with him he had no idea. He did not appear to be with them.

He decided that the business was doubtless some kind of minor gang warfare, and his own part in it must be entirely accidental.

The Gaffer. The words returned to him suddenly. That was it, of course. He was on the track of Duds's employer at last. In spite of his discomfort, he felt a deep satisfaction.

They had left the traffic now and were swinging along a dark street which was almost deserted. They turned out of the dark street into a lane, which, despite the fog, was ablaze from end to end with light and bustle.

It was a market, Geoffrey saw. Ramshackle stalls roofed with flapping tarpaulin and lit with naked bulbs jostled each other down each side of the littered road; their merchandise, which ranged from whelks to underwear, was open to the sooty air.

The band kept to the middle of the road and closed very tightly round the chair. One was a hunchback, taller than most of his kind but typical, with a jaw like a trowel and lank black hair which flapped as he moved. A one-armed man, his sleeve swinging mightily, strode close beside him, while a flying figure, festooned with picturesque rags and moving with amazing speed and dexterity, swung himself between a pair of crutches just in front.

THE end of the journey came suddenly. At a gap between two stalls the group swung sharply and they plunged into darkness again. This time it was through a doorway beside a greengrocer's shop, partly shuttered now but still sprouting wilted leaves and damp straw all over the pavement. An inner door down the passage was swung suddenly open and Geoffrey found himself at the head of a dimly lit flight of cellar stairs. There he stopped, held precariously on the top step while the rest swept past him, bobbing and weaving down the dangerous way with ease of long practice.

He found he was looking into a vast, shadowy cavern, warm and smelling unexpectedly wholesome and countrified, like a toolshed or a barn. He was struck first by its neatness. There was order, even homeliness, in its arrangement. Its size was enormous. It took up the whole cellar of the building. A mighty iron stove, gleaming with black lead and very nearly red-hot, stood out in the room, and round it was a circle of seats, junk-shop chairs and settees covered with festoons of clean sacks. Three plank tables placed end-to-end, covered with clean newspaper and flanked by packing-case benches, stood waiting behind them, and far away against the farther wall a row of couches stacked with army blankets presented neat ends to the view.

The wheelchair was carried down, and for the first time Geoffrey set eyes on the man behind him. He saw a big, shambling figure, stooped and loose-jointed, middle-aged but still very powerful. The startling thing about him was his colour. He was so white that he was shocking, his close-cropped hair so much the colour of his skin that the line of demarcation was scarcely visible. Black glasses which hid his eyes explained him. He was an albino, one of those unlucky few in whom the natural pigmentation of the body is entirely absent. He was seeing his prisoner for the first time. The dim light suited his weak eyes and he swung the chair round slowly to get a better view.

As the albino pulled the woollen helmet from the prisoner's head, the others came closer. They were a strange company of whom perhaps six at most could possibly ever have seen service with the armed forces. Geoffrey particularly noticed the tall man who had carried the dwarf home. He was a thick-featured, mild-looking youngster with a strangely dazed expression. An older, shorter man who was clearly his brother, since the resemblance was remarkable, and the ragged acrobat who had now laid aside his crutches and was moving with perfect ease without them—these could well be ex-Service. The rest were oddities, collected no doubt for their freak value. They clustered round the prisoner, inquisitive but unnervingly silent. Heavy Boots was the declared leader and main personality. There was no doubt of that. He conducted the proceedings with complete assurance and the same tidy methodicalness which was so evident in his surroundings.

Geoffrey was liberated from all his bonds save the cord which bound his hands behind him and the plaster over his mouth. He made an attempt to rise as his feet were freed, but he was too numbed and cramped to move.

As his good, dark overcoat, his haircut and formal linen came into view, Heavy Boots hesitated. Then he turned to the smaller of the brothers.

"Now, Roly, who's that? Who is it?"

The man stepped forward and looked earnestly at the square, pugnacious face of the captive.

"I ain't never seen 'im before."

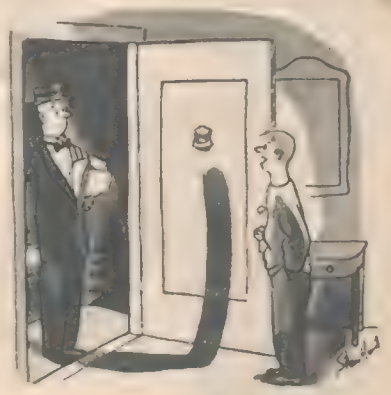
"Ain't that he? Ain't that the Gaffer?"

"No, no." The pronouncement, packed with contempt, came from the tall brother and caused something of a sensation.

Geoffrey made another effort and this time succeeded in rising to his feet. Heavy Boots thrust him back with a hand which had the strength of a horse behind it.

"Sit still, won't ye?" he commanded. "I reckon we'll have to see who you be."

He ripped open the seated man's



"Oh, it's you. Come in. She's upstairs baring her shoulders"

overcoat and thrust his hand into his breast pocket. The hunchback brought an upturned tea-chest over and, using it as a table, the albino set out the contents of the pocket neatly and expertly. The cheque-book and driving licence interested him, but the trophy which turned the day was an unexpected one. The letter which had arrived in the envelope which Geoffrey had given to Duds happened to be a circular begging letter from the Royal Institute for the Relief of the Orphans of East Anglia.

It was a dignified appeal, duplicated on fine paper beneath a heading which incorporated a list of patrons, led by royalty. The facsimile signature of Lord Beckenham, the president, was printed in convincing blue ink at the foot.

The effect which it produced upon Heavy Boots was startling. He removed his dark glasses and held the sheet very close to his red eyes.

"'Ere," he burst out suddenly, swinging round on the company, "'ere, what ruddy fool's made this mistake, eh?" His alarm brought out the full force of the bully in him, and he made a considerable figure, heavier and more vital than the rest, who displayed a wispish, raggedy weakness when considered in the mass.

Only Roly showed any truculence.

"You can talk," he began, "you can talk, Tiddy Doll, you always could. Proper Tiddington man you are. What's the matter, eh? Who is he? A busy?"

"Busy! P'lice!" Tiddy Doll spat. "He's only my dear Mr. Levett, friend of Gawd knows 'oo. That's what this 'ere paper shows. This 'ere is from a Lord Beckenham. This is what some ruddy fool's done while I was blinded by me poor eyes. Come on, step on it. Get the cords orf, can't yer? 'Oo was so silly as to make the mistake, that's what I want to know?"

"But he was *with* Duds, Tiddy. We all seed him. They both ran when they saw us, first into the boozer and then down the alley."

"Shut up, big mouth. I'll see you get your time to talk." Doll was having trouble with the rope on Geoffrey's wrist. His breath, warm and odorous, flowed over him as he embarked on a sort of mendicant sing-song of apology. It was urgent and powerful and quite horrible. "'Alf a moment, sir. I shan't be long. There's been a mistake in the fog. One of my lot 'ere—you can see they're most of them wanting, pore chaps (the war come very 'ard on some of us, sir)—one of 'em, I don't know who but I will, one of 'em 'as took you for a friend of ours."

Loosening the knot, he ripped off the cord with searing speed, and removed the adhesive tape. "We was only 'aving a game on a friend, sir," he went on hurriedly. "I don't rightly know as how I can ask you to believe that, but as God's my judge, sir, I never had such a shock in all me life as when I see you down here in the light."

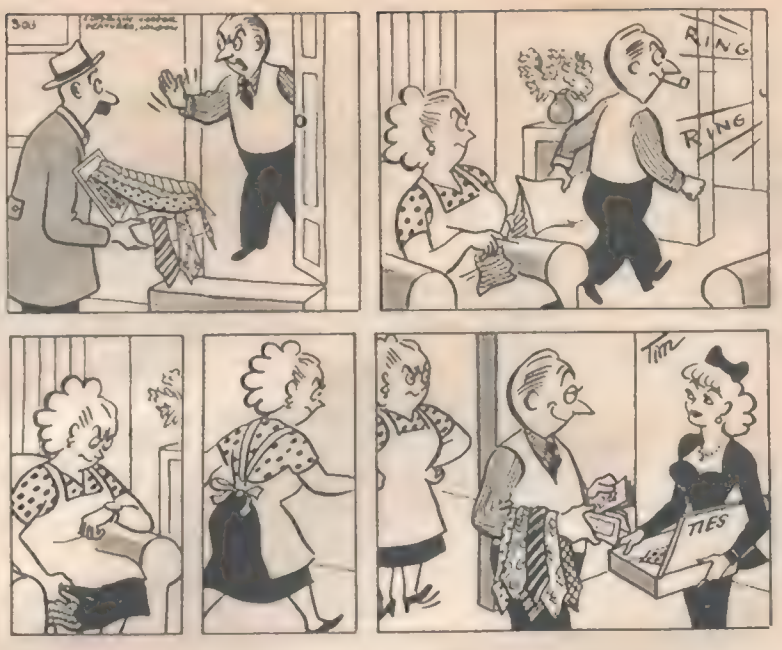
"That will do." The words came softly from Geoffrey's dry mouth. He had struggled painfully to his feet. He had himself very well in hand.

"Where's the other man?" he demanded. "The man I was with?"

"There you are, Tiddy." The elder of the two brothers was eager to justify himself. "That's what I said. They was together. Him and Duds was together. Now he's admitted it. They was friends."

"I met him for the first time this

OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*



afternoon." Geoffrey turned a chilly eye on the speaker and enunciated with the careful clarity he had learned in his adjutant days. "I wanted some information from him and I took him into a public house to get it. Your abominable noise seemed to frighten him and he ran off. Because I still wanted to talk to him, I went after him. You mobbed us, and one of you had the infernal impudence to knock me out."

It was stilted talk, but, as he guessed, it was the language of authority which they all understood perfectly.

"Where is the man I was with?" he repeated. "You knew him. You called him by name." He took a chance and picked on the elder brother, whose voice he fancied he recognized. "You there, what's your name? Roly? You called him a liar."

"No, that wasn't me, sir. That was my brother Tom. Young Tom's funny, sir. He got blowed up and 'as never been the same since. That's why we're both on this lark with Tiddy. We come from the same part of the country, sir. We're all Suffolkers, me and Tom and Tiddy. Tom knew Duds. Duds was the corporal, see?"

Geoffrey thought he did. He had a moment of inspiration.

"And the man you call the Gaffer was the sergeant, I suppose?"

"That's right, sir." Doll, the Tiddington man, could not bear to be left out of the centre of the stage for long.

"Were you under him?"

"No, sir." Roly intervened again eagerly. He had the awful innocence of the true countryman. "No, Tiddy wasn't with us. Tiddy never saw the Gaffer. There was only me and Tom and Bill who really, as you might say, see the Gaffer in the flesh. We are the only three left who was with him at the time. Tiddy is helping of us, see?"

"Well, where is this sergeant?"

"That's what we want to know, sir. We've been looking for him close on three years now. It's Tiddy's idea. Tiddy says everyone comes to London who's got the money to enjoy theirselves. Stay in the streets of London long enough, he says, and you'll see everyone you know."

"I was right," cut in Tiddy Doll. "I was proved right. We seed Duds, didn't we?"

"That's right," said Roly. "We see Duds all dressed up in Oxford Street and we lorst 'im. That was three weeks ago. Then today we see 'im again and we followed 'im. I called to 'im but 'e did a bunk and ran down to the railway. Then 'e came out with the busies and went to the police station with them. They slung 'im out after a bit, as we knew they would. Then you came up to 'im and we followed you both and waited outside the pub. When 'e come out 'e ran right into us, and Tom, 'oo 'asn't noticed nothing for years, caught sight of 'im and started after 'im as if 'e'd come to 'imself all of a sudden."

"What happened to the corporal—this man Duds?"

"Tom 'it 'im by mistake." Roly looked at his brother. "Tom's very strong still, but 'e don't never use it now. Then Tiddy come up and we set on you, sir, and then Tiddy went back to Duds."

"You come back laughing, Tiddy, saying you give 'im something to go on with," put in the man with the cymbals unexpectedly. "That was when you got the idea of putting this bloke in the chair."

There was a moment's silence, due mainly to puzzlement at their own foolishness at concentrating on the wrong man.

It was Tom, the young brother who had never been the same, who spoke first. He lifted his head and looked steadily at the stranger.

"Major Elginbrodde," he said in the slow Suffolk speech, "that's who you are."

"'E ain't!" Roly was startled and protesting. "Why Tom, you're all at sea, boy. Major Elginbrodde were a little dark fellow. Besides, 'e's gone, poor chap. No one knows that better than you." Roly led his brother to a soapbox. "'E's strange, 'e's wonderfully strange at times," he explained over his shoulder. "Major Elginbrodde and Tom was together when they trod on the mine. That was on the beach in Normandy, four months after our own little job. The Major were wiped right out but Tom wasn't touched, or so we thought until we found out he'd gone strange."

Geoffrey brushed through the group. His chin stuck out. "Tom," he said, his voice sharp with authority, "pull yourself together, man. Is Major Elginbrodde dead?"

"Don't take no notice of 'im," his brother begged. "He's a proper fool Tom is, now. He weren't at one time. When 'e were a young 'un he was proper smart, Tom was. We 'ad our own boat in my dad's time. That's why we was chosen, you see, sir. That's why the Gaffer picked us. The Gaffer found the men for the raid."

"Nark it, chum, nark it!" Tiddy Doll's warning was frantic. "The gentleman doesn't want to hear your life's history nor your brother's. Your big mouth always was your trouble, Roly."

Geoffrey ignored him. "Which raid are you talking about?" he asked Roly.

"It didn't have no name, sir. It was secret."

"Four months before D-Day?"

"Yes, sir."

"To the Normandy coast?"

"I don't rightly know, sir. We were took over by submarine and put off in a little boat. There was me and Tom and Bill here, and the Gaffer and Duds and Major Elginbrodde. Me and Tom managed the boat. It was wonderfully rocky. Duds, Tom and Bill and me stayed down below while the other two went up to the house."

"Who were they after?"

Roly shook his head. "We never heard, but the Gaffer told me and Tom it was a spy."

Geoffrey nodded. The story was taking shape. Elginbrodde, whom he was now nearer liking than at any time in his life, certainly appeared to be out of it, poor chap, but in that case Duds's impersonation of him became even more inexplicable. He tackled Roly again.

"Major Elginbrodde went up to the house with the sergeant?"

"Of course 'e did. The Gaffer 'ad to 'ave the Major with 'im to get about so silent. It was the Major's house."

"Do you mean his home?"

"Why, yes, sir. He'd lived there as a kid. It was an old place, a kind of little stone castle. They would never have got up the rocks so quiet in the dark save that he knew the way. That's why 'e was chosen. That's how we come to go at all."

"What happened to the Major's family?"

The ex-fisherman looked blank. "I don't think there was but one old woman, 'is granny. She went away and the Jerry left the place as it was. Then the spy we was after put 'is lady there, but they never found the treasure. That was still there when we went, because the Major went to look."

His inflection upon the operative word was not lost upon Geoffrey. As he glanced round the ill-assorted group in the cellar, he thought he saw the whole story. Each face was solemn, engrossed and avid. Treasure. The ancient word had worked its spell once again. It was holding them together as nothing else could ever have done, and was supporting them even while it sucked them dry.

Geoffrey caught a glimpse of all this, yet he had no idea of the depth of the illusion. "Treasure, eh?" he said. "I suppose the sergeant described it all to you?"

"The Gaffer didn't say too much. He was far too fly." Roly spoke bitterly. "But he knew all about it. He knew it was there, and you can bet he went back for it as soon as he knew the Major had got his packet. That's the one certain thing."

The talk was suddenly cut short by a curious interruption. At the far end of the room, a folded newspaper suddenly appeared through the ceiling and floated down the wall. The cellar was built out some few

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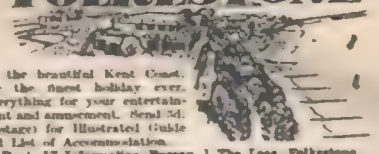

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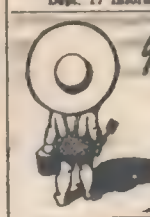

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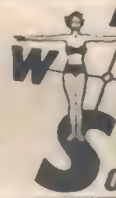

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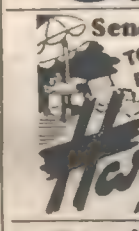

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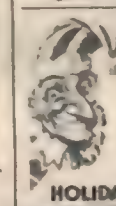

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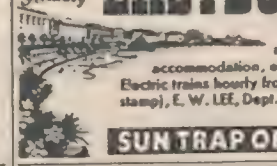

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feet under the roadway and there was a grating there let into the pavement which was used as a letterbox by some obliging newsvendor.

"Late Night Final," exclaimed the man with the cymbals cheerfully as he hurried off across the bricks to retrieve it.

"What did you say the sergeant's name was?" Geoffrey was gathering up his possessions from the box top.

"Jack Hackett," said Roly. "At least, that was 'is Army name."

"You can lay he won't be Hackett now," put in Doll contemptuously. "'E's a lord by this time. Perhaps you know 'im, sir? Perhaps you know 'im well and don't know 'is history. You'll hear it all right when we come up with him. What was you a-thinking of doing, sir?"

"Doing?"

"About our little mistake."

"I shall forget it." The educated, authoritative voice carried conviction. But the performance was not complete. Geoffrey realized they expected a warning from him and he prepared to give them one. "But if I hear of any similar incident, if you make a silly mistake again, Doll, then, of course, I shall consider myself free to speak. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir." It was a smart, military answer, and the man drew his heels together.

The absurdity of the situation was not really clear to each of them. No one was watching the man with the cymbals. He was sitting on a box, the late edition held close to his eyes, spelling out the Stop Press in the blank column on the back page. His startled burst of profanity shook everybody.

"Bloke found murdered in Pump Path, W.2. That's Duds. 'E's a deader."

"That's a lie." Tiddy Doll swung across the floor to him to peer at the crooked line of print at the foot of the column.

"You done it, Tiddy." Roly's face had become green and he and the others huddled together, shrinking from Doll. "You done it when you went back. You said you give 'im something to go on with."

The albino crushed the paper in his great hands. His brain worked much more quickly than theirs, and he had courage.

"Hold your mouths!" he shouted. "If one of us done it we all done it, that's the law." He turned savagely and pointed at Geoffrey. "'*Im as well.*"

Geoffrey was just too late. There were eight men between him and the stairs.

"Don't be idiots!" he cried out to them. "Don't be fools. Pull yourselves together. If this is true you've only got one hope. A statement to the police now, at once. It's your only chance."

"That be damned!" Tiddy's roar filled the building and he bent his head for the charge.

SERGEANT PICOT sat silent in the leather chair in the corner of the study in the rectory, his notebook decorously hidden in the folds of his raincoat. By eleven o'clock that evening, he was prepared to admit that his chief had known what he was doing when he let "the old parson" have his head.

The canon had determined to find out how the jacket, once owned by Martin Elginbrodde, and found on the body of the dead man, had left his house. And at last they were getting somewhere. After remorseless interrogation of everyone in the

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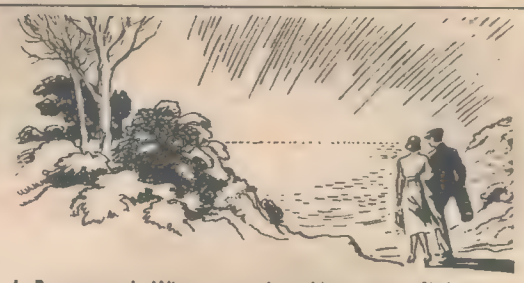

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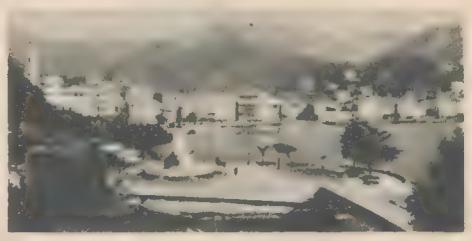

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house, he had got Mrs. Talisman, the housekeeper, to admit that she had got rid of it.

"Oh, I did!" she said now, giving up in a flood of wretchedness. "I did. I took the old coat and I gave it away."

"Well, then." The canon sighed with exasperation. "Why couldn't you say so before, you silly girl, instead of insisting you knew nothing about it? Did you ask me or Meg before you gave it away? I don't remember being asked."

It was perfectly clear to Sergeant Picot that no one would dream of asking the canon before giving away any garment in the house. He felt quite sympathetic towards the respectable old girl. She made no answer save to gulp, and Avril continued.

"It's so silly to give away something that is not your own," he said. "There seems to be a mania for it nowadays. To whom did you give it? Some poor old fellow at the door?"

She hesitated, and a flicker of temptation appeared in her red eyes. The canon was on it like a flash. Picot had to hand it to him: the old fellow seemed to spot deceit as if it reeked like a goat.

"Ah, I see. It was someone you knew. Now who was that?"

Mrs. Talisman made a helpless gesture with the palms of her hands. "I gave it to Mrs. Cash."

"Mrs. *Cash*?"

The listening Picot understood that this was a revelation. Avril was leaning back in his chair, his lips parted, his eyes comprehending, and also, unless the sergeant was very much mistaken, dismayed.

Presently the old man rose and put his head out of the door.

"Dot!" he shouted.

"Yes, Canon," a high, cheerful voice replied. "Coming."

Picot awaited her arrival with embarrassment. They had already had one session with Miss Dot Warburton and she was not his kind of woman. She lived in the glebe cottage next door, and made it her mission in life to look after the canon. It appeared that the canon did not need her either, however, for he continued to shout instructions.

"Please fetch Mrs. Cash."

Then he dismissed Mrs. Talisman to the kitchen to make herself a cup of tea, and sat down in his chair again.

PICOT watched the canon thoughtfully. The old boy hadn't wanted to discuss this Mrs. Cash with his housekeeper, and he had been taken aback when her name was mentioned.

Picot wondered what there was between the two. Mrs. Cash—as Picot had learned for himself—had lived in the second glebe cottage for twenty-six years. He'd like to see the lady.

The desire was granted almost immediately. The front door opened with a squeak and a burst of Miss Warburton's cheerful noise.

"*Come* along, Mrs. Cash, *come* along. *In* you go."

Mrs. Cash came in. She was a sturdy little person, nearer sixty than fifty, very solid on her feet, very tidy. Her very good black coat was buttoned up to her throat and finished with a tippet of very good brown fur. Her massive face and the thick coils of wonderfully arranged iron-grey hair, together with the sleek flat hat which sat upon it, seemed so much all of one piece that the notion of them ever coming apart was slightly shocking. She carried a large black bag, holding it squarely on her stomach with both neatly gloved hands, and her eyes were round and bright and knowing.

"Good evening, Canon. You wanted to see me about the jacket?" Her voice was like the rest of her, bright and bold and not very nice. It contained a jar in it, as if a comb and paper somewhere entered into its production, and her teeth, which looked as if they were made of china, shone in false bonhomie. "I'll sit down here, shall I?"

She moved the small armchair before the desk so that it was directly in Picot's light, and sank into it.

AVRIL was on his feet, looking at her gravely across the desk. "Yes," he said. "Mary tells me she gave it to you some weeks ago. Is that true?"

"Well, no, Canon. I don't want to get anybody into trouble, as you know, but Mary's not telling the truth. I bought it. Three pound ten of good money. You can see I didn't make much on it, although it was for charity." She was brisk, straightforward, apparently as open as the day, and neither man believed a word she said.

"And when you had bought it from Mary, what did you do with it?"

"That's my business, Canon." She was reproving, but still affable. Picot guessed that her round eyes were laughing.

"Of course it is," Avril agreed. "Your business entirely. You will recognize it, though, and that will be a great help. Won't you come over here and look at it?"

Picot was surprised. He had not expected a parson to get so tough. He moved so that he could see her face when she first caught sight of the terrible stains. She was unprepared, he noticed, for she bent forward casually and drew the bundle towards her. As she shook it open, the appalling lapels curled stickily before her and her busy hands in their tight gloves hesitated, but so momentarily that the check was scarcely perceptible. Her face did not change at all. It remained bland and bright and good-tempered.

"I don't suppose that will clean," she remarked, and, refolding the garment, put it back on the desk. Her cracked voice was perfectly easy. There was not even a tremor in it. "Yes, that's the jacket I bought from Mary."

"The police will want to know what you did with it," said Avril.

"Then I must tell them, mustn't I?" She seemed very sure of herself. "I must look it up in my little book. I think I noticed a bit of moth in it and put it in the lot I sent down to Mr. Rosenthal in Crumb Street." She swung round in her chair so that she came face to face with the hovering Picot. "I'm not a rich woman but I like to do my bit for the Church," she announced, smiling at him broadly with all her china teeth. "I sometimes have to take a little percentage for my trouble, that's only reasonable, because if I can't live I can't give, can I?"

"You deal in second-hand clothes, do you, Mrs. Cash?" The sergeant was not to be intimidated by this sort of thing. He thought he knew the kind of handling she needed.

Eyes quite as sophisticated as his own met him squarely. "I'm not an old clothes woman, if that's what you mean," she said complacently. "You've been in this district some time. I think I've seen you about

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THIS little girl was often considered naughty by her mother, her sister and her nanny. When important visitors came to tea, they sometimes found sticky lime balls in their pockets. If they stayed the night, they were apt to find acorns in the shoes they left outside their doors. When she felt her elder sister was getting too much attention, she retaliated by putting salt in her sister's tea or tapioca in her bath.

She used to bite her nails. She was almost cured of this until, one day, she saw Mr. Neville Chamberlain biting his. "If the Prime Minister can do it, can't I?" she asked.

She had a gift for caricature, and when she was told to keep quiet by her Guide officer, she would mimic her superior as soon as it was safe. Her sister often used to beg their mother, "Oh, stop her, Mummie!"

Born in Scotland, she showed her intelligence early. Before she could talk, she could hum all the tunes from *The Merry Widow*. A rumour got around that she was deaf and dumb, but as those in her family knew, nothing could have been further from the truth.

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"She used to cheat at games—opening her eyes when they were supposed to be shut—but she did it so charmingly that we always forgave her. When her sister wanted to boss things, she would stage a rebellion. She always had twinkling eyes and a mischievous smile, and I saw her laugh most of all when her Uncle Harry went fishing with her father and playfully tried to push him into the water."

Today the eyes of the world are on her. For her name, see page 35.

"Heads you wash, tails you wash and wipe"

the Barrow Road and Apron Street, haven't I? You know the sort of district this is. A lot of very good houses going down, and a very good lot of people going down, too. Old ladies needing money more than jewellery and not knowing how to go about selling it. Bits of nice lace and a piece of old furniture on their hands, perhaps. Well, I'm not proud. Living near the canon all these years has taught me how to be humble, I hope, and like him I like to do a bit of good where I can. So I trot round helping. Sometimes I buy and sometimes I sell. And sometimes I have things given me for charity, and I turn them into money and send the little cheque to one of the societies."

"Yes, yes, Mrs. Cash," the canon broke in, with a little movement of his fine hands. "It is all as you say. Now would you be good enough to go down to the kitchen and ask Mary to come here? Stay there if you will for ten minutes, and then Sergeant Picot will come down to you. Will you do that?"

"Of course I will, Canon. Don't think I mind the kitchen, I've done enough work in it in your dear wife's time. . . ."

MRS. TALISMAN crept in at length, looking deplorable. "Oh, sir!" she said.

Avril pushed his hand through his wild hair and sat down. "Did the three pounds ten cover it?" he demanded. "Come along, my girl, speak up. Was three pounds ten all you owed her?"

"Yes, sir. On my soul, sir. It was only a pound at first, you see——"

"The rest was interest?"

"Yes, sir. Five shillings a week. It mounted up so fast. She started coming round, and I know you don't like her in the kitchen. I offered her several things of my own. But she wouldn't take anything except men's clothes, she said, and not Talisman's black ones either. Then she asked me if Miss Meg hadn't given me any of Mr. Martin's things, and—oh, sir!"

Avril sighed. "Run along, Mary. Don't do it again. Please don't do it again."

The canon was silent after she left. At length, he said softly: "For nearly thirty years I've seen Lucy Cash trotting about these streets. As the houses have grown shabbier she has grown sleeker. If you go to her house, look round you. You'll find it full of knick-knacks, every single one of which has been treasured by someone."

Picot stirred in some embarrassment, but before he could speak, the door opened and Miss Warburton came in.

"A most extraordinary thing has happened, Hubert," she said. "I thought I'd better report at once."

"Yes, Dot, what is it?"

"Well, Geoffrey still hasn't phoned. Meg and Amanda have slipped out, down to the new house. Meg pretended she wanted to fetch something, but I think she just wanted to show the place. The paint is finished. I was left in charge. Well, a Mrs. Smith phoned in a tremendous state. She wanted to speak to Meg or Albert Campion. It seems she is the wife of Martin's solicitor, that nice man in Grove Road. They live in Hampstead and her husband had been called out by the police. Apparently something terrible, something quite dreadful, so awful she couldn't tell me much but there are three dead, has happened at his office."

She took a breath and her candid eyes rested on the sergeant with innocent pleasure. "It seems amazing that I should be able to tell *you*, doesn't it, but I was fairly sure you didn't know."

Old Avril was looking at her in mixed dismay and amusement.

"However," she went on, "I went down into the kitchen first, for you were busy with Mrs. Talisman. Mrs. Cash was in the kitchen drinking tea."

"What did you tell her?" Picot asked the question more out of censure than curiosity.

"She told me she was waiting for you, and I said I very much doubted if you'd be able to bother with her tonight. Three murders in one house! They'll need every man they've got, I said."

"Murders?" They spoke together, and she surveyed them calmly.

"I certainly understood Mrs. Smith to say murders. I thought you were both taking it very coolly. Mrs. Cash didn't. In fact, that's why I hurried to tell you. Do you know, Hubert, that woman was really upset? It's the first time I've ever seen her show any feeling whatever, and I've lived next door for over twenty years. She actually jumped." She gave a little spring herself to illustrate the movement. "I didn't imagine it, because she spilt the tea, all of it, a whole cupful, all over her. She's gone running off home to change."

The canon became lost in abstraction in his chair. He did not rise when Sergeant Picot went out to visit Mrs. Cash with the jacket. He did not rise when Miss Warburton came back into the room.

She walked over to the window.

"Mrs. Cash has the light on in the attic, Hubert," she said. "I could see it quite clearly in spite of the fog. She doesn't want any other visitors while the policeman is there."

OLD Avril half turned, a little impatiently. "You say these things, Dot," he exclaimed. "How *can* you know?"

"Because I make it my business to," she said softly. "No one ever visits Lucy Cash when that light is on in the attic. It's a signal to certain people to keep away."

"Certain people." He mimicked her. "What people?"

"Business people, I suppose," said Miss Warburton.

The canon did not speak for a moment and his face was still hidden. Presently a shudder ran through his broad, flat shoulders.

"I hope you're right, Dot," he said unexpectedly. "On this occasion, do you know, I hope you're right."

To be continued next week

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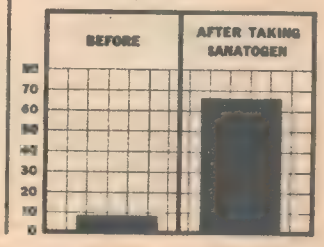

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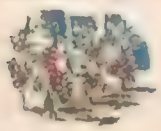

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DIVORCE IN BRITAIN TODAY

Continued from page 17

case in Stott's report to the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust. The boy's parents parted when he was fourteen. The father had been a violent, unbalanced type, who had often threatened to "chop his leg off," "burn him" and "cut his tongue out." The day after the death of their one-year-old baby he had "leathered", the boy, then twelve, for interrupting an argument. The dead child was in the room at the time, and a week later the father told the boy he would be "next to go in the box."

At the separation the mother was given the care of the boy. She was a woman of strong character and high principles and she believed in strict discipline. She was ambitious for him, and despite their working-class status had sent him to a private school.

She was also an unsentimental person and she regarded sentiment as a culpable weakness. When the boy wrote to her on one occasion saying that his inability to see her at Whitsun was "a disaster" and "a great disappointment," she was disgusted at his sloppiness. Presently, the lack of affection overrode character, principles and discipline.

Foolish Behaviour

Because of her strong-mindedness, however, his method of getting attention by being a nuisance had to be subtle. He made foolish mistakes and indulged in minor perversities. When sent shopping, he went to the wrong shop, then returned saying the article was not in stock. He chopped firewood like matchsticks, then after a reprimand left the next batch too big.

At fifteen he could not tie his necktie, and his mother still had to wash him if she wanted him really clean. In carrying a small case to the station for her he leaned as if it was too heavy, or carried it on his head or in some other foolish way, so that eventually she had to take it herself. He meddled with things in such a way that he usually broke them.

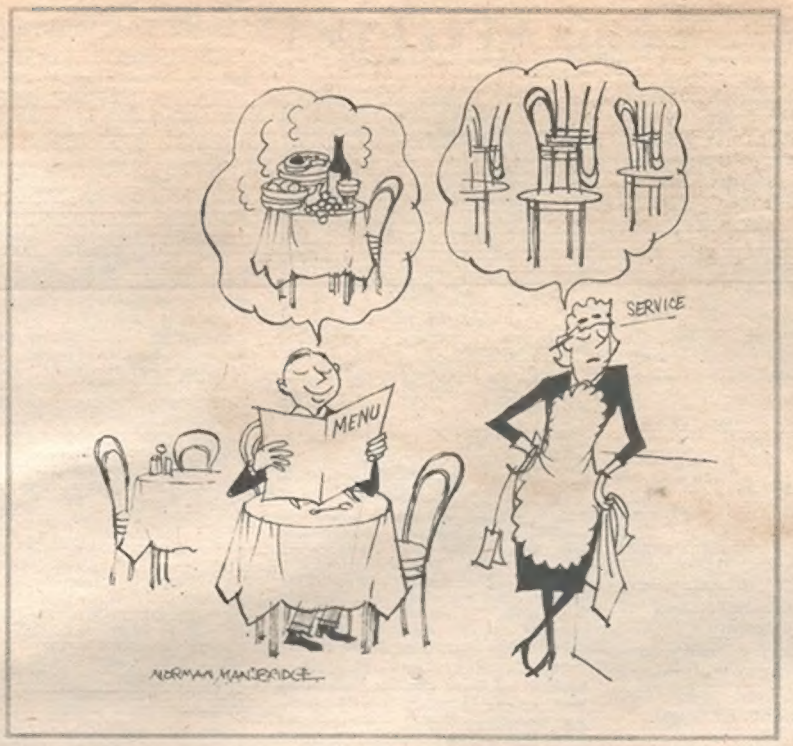
And so the pose of infantilism, stupidity and maladroitness, which was the expression of his deep antagonism towards his affectionless mother, went on until he finished up in an approved school—"out of control."

Preferred Mother

In another case in which a boy was left with an unsatisfactory parent, he and his brother discussed the impending situation when the mother first deserted the father. They knew that she would be the guilty party in the divorce; they knew that when their father came out of the Forces they would probably have to live with him; and they agreed that if they had any say "we would ask to stay with our mum."

To ease their minds, they asked a neighbour about it; she said they would have no choice but to go with their father. Later, when they went so far as to question their mother, she could not reassure them.

It was three years before the divorce petition could be heard, and for the boy they were three years of acute anxiety. He developed signs of physical hysteria — severe headaches and dizziness. In an unconscious attempt to avoid the constant worry he sought excitement. He began competing with another boy in stealing library books. For this he was put on probation and expelled



from school. Finally, he *was* given into his father's charge.

After six months, during which time his father told him it was not his wish that he was staying with him, the boy went back to his mother. But now, although he was considerate towards her, his feelings were in conflict. Deep down, he quite logically blamed her for his three years of anguish; his feelings of insecurity would not go. To use Stott's terminology, he sought new means of "avoidance-excitement."

By chance, he met his brother, who was already delinquent, in London, and he introduced him to some low haunts in the West End. He then struck up a friendship with a "son of a peer" with a prison record. With him he planned to become a crook; his declared ambition was to be a spiv. Shortly afterwards, he was convicted for counterfeiting.

Cause Of Breakdowns

But delinquency, the experts emphasize, is only one type of neurotic condition caused by divorce. It can, for instance, bring about a more obvious mental disturbance. Miss Robina S. Addis, of the National Association for Mental Health, has found that broken homes lie behind most of her organization's child cases. Psychiatrists, too, find similar backgrounds to "nervous breakdowns" in adults.

One woman patient, whose parents had divorced when she was eight, feared and hated all men. Of her own father all that she could remember was his temper. After the divorce, her mother constantly impressed on her that she must never have anything to do with men or boys. She blamed them for the world's evils, and when the little girl asked why, she said they did cruel things to women.

At first, despite her fear, the girl longed for her father. She told her playmates he had gone to Canada to get a house for them to live in. Later, she told them that he was dead; except for the occasions when her mother threatened to send her to her father "if she was not a good girl," she began to believe he was dead herself.

Inevitably, with this upbringing, the girl became shy and timid. In her early teens, when she began to ask questions about sex, her mother evaded them or said that nice people did not discuss such things. The girl, however, picked up a little obscene information from her friends, and began to link up all that she had heard and seen in the last five or six years. She got the idea that her mother had been wronged, that she was a fugitive from masculine bestiality. Now she knew definitely that she must avoid all male contacts—and she had done so until her mother's sudden death caused her breakdown.

This case introduces another malignant influence which divorce has upon children: that of retarding sexual development. Some psychologists and psychiatrists believe that a single parent nearly always causes difficulties in this direction, and particularly so with girls.

One American study showed that young girls frequently become delinquent, not because they are intensely erotic, but because they want affection, attention and a certain status, "even though the relations implied are temporary and often clearly deceptive and exploitative in nature."

Instead of stealing and committing other aggressive offences after being rejected by a parent, the girl indulges in reactions which simulate love and affection.

In cases where the father was the preferred parent and the girl is left with the mother, Stott says that her behaviour will quite often be an unconscious attempt to get even with her mother.

"Her method," he explains, "is to develop a friendship with a married man. She realizes—all this is subconscious, of course—that there is no legal way out if a child comes along, and if and when it does she dumps it on her mother. By going to a married man somewhat older than herself she may also be seeking parental control, for in every case a rejected child will first try to find a substitute parent."

Seeking Revenge

Several other explanations for delinquency in girls have been found —all related to the broken home. A girl may seek revenge against her father by playing fast and loose with men generally. She may also be struggling to free herself from an intolerable home situation. A social worker in London's dockland, Mrs. R. A. Laslett, has constantly observed that girls who have been left in charge of the home after mother's desertion are the worst with the boys.

Another important explanation is bound up with the psychological fact that children imitate their parents' behaviour. It is said to be a misconception that a child is "just like its mother or father" through inheritance alone; in its instinctive love for its parents, the child strives to be exactly like the one of its own sex, and from the other it gets most of its ideas of the opposite sex.

A Daughter's Reply

One delinquent girl openly admitted to her divorced mother that she was imitating her. The divorce had been one of those legal border-line cases where there was not much to choose between the infidelity of either husband or wife. However, the latter was adjudged guilty, but was given custody of the children because she had the better resources.

Not long after, the eldest daughter, who was sixteen, started staying out late, drinking and smoking heavily. When her mother chastised her, she replied jauntily that she was "doing nothing more than you've been doing." Nonplussed, the mother told her not to be insolent, and to come in earlier or else there would be trouble.

"Don't worry," the girl answered back, "you can look after yourself —if you turn me out I think I can, too." A few months later she was one of several people caught drinking in a public house after hours. It was then discovered that she was under eighteen.

In other cases the loss of a father can retard a boy's development and turn all his love to his mother, or he can spend the rest of his life acting out an emotional phase which he should have passed through in childhood. These unnatural states are enhanced if the mother seeks all her emotional gratification in the son.

Damage Shows Later

Some of the effects of this are disclosed in the American Kinsey report on male behaviour. Dr. Clifford Allen, a Harley Street psychiatrist, says: "It was felt that a similar investigation in this country would have similar results, except in homosexuality. The American figures were rather high, and there is little doubt that the main reason for this is their much higher number of unstable father-relationships caused by divorce and separation."

Damage which may be done by divorce does not end with sexual immaturity. Nor, of course, does the damage always start to show in childhood. With quite a lot of people their maladjustment does not become apparent until they are forced to face the new situations and responsibilities of adult life. Any number of smaller tensions, some created by the directions of the judge, some by parents, can bring about these personality maladjustments.

In what might seem to be a method of avoiding the dangers of rejection, many children are shuffled back and forth between the parents. But the cut comes both ways. As one child guidance expert puts it: "The child serves as a buffer zone and keeps the matrimonial cold war alive. He is urged to take sides. His loyalties are thrown about like a ping-pong ball."

Some unthinking parents do not care if their spite directly affects the child. A girl who was at a boarding school spent half of her holidays with

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RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are full rate. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests (in *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, dated March 1, and in JOHN BULL, dated March 8), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

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Churchill And Truman
On Austerity's Tight-rope
Strong Enough
Charity Begins At Home, So
A Lazy Life
Not My Cup Of Tea
Remembering
Tomorrow's Dinner
Dirty
Opened The Flood-gates
Handyman Dad
Bit Of Ballyhoo
Whirlwind Courtship
Modern Village
All Along The Line
Plain Jane
Missed Her Chance
Knocked Down
At The Haunted Grange

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Thanks To Our.....
By The.....Of It
Dreadful .....
.....To Order
Perfect Little.....
The Policeman.....And

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "Combined," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY

"Bullets" 1,820 (or Xword 772), "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Here's Reader A. Stork, winner of £1,000 in the *Bullets* Tournament last August for his *Bullet*: ON RECOVERY'S VOYAGE—*EVERYTHING* WE "PACK" WANTED! "My success was really due," he told John Bull, "to reading and studying *Bullets' Bulletin* regularly; I advise all would-be winners to do the same."

The special £250 order form below coupon will bring you the *Bulletin* by post every Thursday for six weeks and also entitle you to a share of that £250 bonus with any cash prize you win in this week's contest. If you are already a reader, use it this week to extend your supply.

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FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus Celebration Weekend: J. Plummer, Hill Farm, Shalford, Braintree: WOMAN WITH A WAY "WHY?" AND "WHOA!", WIFE

£50 plus Celebration Weekend: J. H. Paterson, 56 Fairbairn Street, Glasgow: WICKED WASTE — OF MEMORY'S "STORE-ROOM," GRUDGE.

£25 plus Celebration Weekend: T. Chapman, 61 Gwladys Street, Caeracca, Dowlais, Glam: TOUR OF THE UNDERWORLD — UNFINISHED — SOMEBODY STOLE *Coach*!

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Across Clues **XWORD 772**

1. Referee may penalize rugby player who doesn't do this properly
3. You're more likely to get one for old people in really big store
9. One kind is regarded as a bit thick
11. Man with this is more likely to be noticed in a small town
12. Sometimes no better for being roasted
13. A craft is sometimes tied up to one
14. Use of this when unnecessary is not a good thing

Down Clues

1. It's an asset to a soccer player if he does this quickly
2. When this time comes our days will be brighter
4. There's hardly any kind of this which Whitehall doesn't know about
5. A kind of pie is closely associated with
6. When a sensible fellow feels winter's bite, he'll probably get this on
7. There are times when these must be fast
8. Librarian should be able to give you this of latest new books
10. They make a lot of difference to dock areas

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XWORD 767 RESULT

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Drawing. 4, Marred. 6, Pain. 8, Haw. 9, Due. 13, Paper. 14, Hat. DOWN: 1, Dotes. 2, Grant. 3, Wet. 5, Dodged. 7, Hake. 10, Trip. 11, Fear. 12, Sash.

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each parent, and all went reasonably well until the father remarried. The girl did not like the stepmother. Half-way through her first visit after the marriage she ran back to her mother. The next time she refused to go.

After much letter-writing and telephoning, the father, convinced that his former wife was influencing his daughter, eventually enforced the court order by bringing a policeman to escort the girl to his home.

Too Much Attention

There are more subtle ways of influencing a child of divorce. One parent will let her youngster overhear talk which is bad for him; another will over-indulge him with gifts or pay artificial attention to him to indicate his continuing love, or to show the other parent that he still has an emotional hold over the child.

With the same objects in mind, divorcees frequently insist that the children must spend all permissible time with them. Thus, older teenagers in particular get no opportunity of doing what they like. One public school girl divided her holidays equally between two gloomy homes, while her friends went on school trips abroad.

The problem of establishing new loyalties with step-parents, "aunts" and "uncles," and even grandparents, is a further complication for the child of a broken home.

One boy played his "auntie" off against his father. "Auntie" had come to the house after mother, tired of her husband's cruelty, drinking and infidelity, had deserted with the year-old baby. The boy, who was fifteen, suddenly decided he would not go to work any more, and for three weeks he found sufficient excuses to give his father.

When he was found out, he said: "*She* wouldn't give me any breakfast. *She* hadn't washed my shirt. . . ." He got another job, but quickly repeated the performance. This time, in his wanderings around the town, he got into trouble.

As if there were not enough bad influences at work, even children themselves tend to ostracize children of divorce. As one sociologist points out, this is very likely the result of some parental order "not to play with Jimmy." Nevertheless, the jeers—"Your father won't live with you," and so on—are sufficient to give him marked feelings of inferiority.

Mother's Disloyalty

So far as society at large is concerned, the final irony of divorce is that it breeds divorce. A dozen marriage investigators in this country and the United States have found that the marital happiness of the child is clearly associated with the marital happiness of the parents. Says Dr. D. H. Stott: "If a boy's mother is disloyal to him we know he will retaliate. Later on he himself will be disloyal to his wife because attitudes to the opposite parent determine attitudes to the spouse."

A marriage guidance expert, Vincent Long, secretary of The Alliance, a society for education in sex, marriage and the family, says: "In my experience, the marital risk is very high when one or both sets of the couple's parents have been separated." Dr. Clifford Allen adds: "Divorce of one's parents definitely causes a conscious or unconscious lack of faith in marriage."

If these are the effects of divorce on the children, what of the divorcees themselves? Do they find divorce

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worth it? Do they really get their freedom? Do they find happiness, or are they frustrated and bitter?

The first answer must be that no known research has been done on this subject in this country. The fact is that the advantages of divorce are entirely assumed. From the evidence obtained from those psychiatrists and child guidance experts who had had experience of divorcees, their lives seem as full of crises as they were in marriage.

"A divorcee, particularly a woman, has to reorganize her life profoundly," says one marriage adviser. "Her love-life, self-esteem, everyday habits, social contacts and work are all affected, besides the fact that she may have to learn to live with herself and her wounds. As for those who remarry, all we know is that they almost certainly take with them the faults which helped to break their previous marriage. Which isn't a very promising start."

Second Marriages

Perhaps the most important thing known about divorcees is that more than half of them still think marriage such a beneficial institution that they remarry.

The fact that these remarriages are spread over all classes of society, with a bigger proportion in the middle and lower groups, indicates that divorcees take little notice of the factors which they commonly blame for breaking their marriages. If they did, the in-laws, the money and housing difficulties and the other "outside" influences which are so frequently present in modern living would be sufficient to deter them from second marriage.

This tallies with the growing expert belief that some "internal" factors cause a marriage to go wrong, and that the "outside" influences provide the crisis. No agreement at all has been reached, so far, about the "internal" factors, but emotional immaturity, sexual incompatibility and personal defects have been the most frequently named.

The Future Outlook

The one certain item in the divorce picture is the deplorable effect on following generations; many cases investigated confirm that children of divorce with neurotic tendencies have a smaller chance of success in marriage than the children of unbroken marriages.

What of the future? Perhaps the most optimistic outlook is put forward by Joseph Brayshaw, secretary of the Marriage Guidance Council.

"Quantitatively and qualitatively," he says, "marriage has become more exacting. Within the last century the number of marriages in England and Wales alone has almost trebled. Nowadays, many who could not afford marriage a few years ago are marrying. People are marrying earlier, too, and living longer. The number of years spent in marriage has risen tremendously.

"Then again, with the new family idea based on co-operation, marriage has become more worthwhile—and more difficult. Today, it needs a foundation of education and responsibility before it is attempted.

"We are aiming for something higher, and we might have expected heavy casualties at first. But a good marriage today is infinitely better than a good marriage only two generations ago." THE END

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The photograph on page 30 is of Princess Margaret when a child.

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